POEMS

UPON
DIVERS OCCASIONS.

WITH A
Character
OF A
LONDON SCRIVENER.

—Facilis cuivis rigidi censura cachinni. Juv.

LONDON,
Printed for *John Crosley*, Book-seller
in *Oxford*. 1667.

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To the Reader.

Reader,

Since the *Stationer* fears, no body will look into the *Book*, unless courted by a *Preface*; like some that will go into no *Shop*, except the *Apprentice* invite them in, *this* may (if it will) satisfy *both*. Some of these Verses had (through the *eagerness* of *some* who would needs herein *gratify* their own *Fancy*, though perhaps to the *disparagement* of their *Judgments*) undergone the Press half a year before the *Author's* knowledge: and *the rest* were now going the *same* way, if he had not *opposed* it by *yielding*, and of *two* evils bin forced to choose *this* as the *least* to be in some measure *accessory* to what he is not at all *consenting* to. He knowes this common *pretence* ha's past through so many fingers, that the plausible *out-side* is almost *worne* off, and it begins now to appear too palpably *counterfeit*. But the Reader is at the same liberty to *suspect* his *excuse*, as to *dislike* his *Poems*; however, he is content, that those who are *displeased* at them, should *blame him* for them, and if any *like* them, let them *thank Others*. Faults he knew there were too many in the *Verses* themselves, without the *super-adding* of those usually accompanying a *surreptitious* and *imperfect* publication, like the *former*, which *alone* he hereby indeavour'd to *prevent*: besides, he consider'd that those

who will not perhaps *yet* be *perswaded* he was thus fore'd to *consent* to *this*, would have as much *suspected* his *accessoriness*, had they *again* peept abroad in a *stolen* Edition; and he must have born the *double* blame of *his own* errours, and the *publishers* too. Nor was the *publishing* only, but the *making* also of *most* of them (as may be perceiv'd) upon *compulsion*; the *Author* being one, who, as he *owns* not *forehead* enough to pretend to the *name*, so (had he *stock* enough) should hardly (he thinks) ever set up the *profession* of *Poetry*, unless he saw *others* thrive better on the *Trade*. Almost all the *Copies* were *Exercises* imposed by *those* under whose *government* he is, and (he is not asham'd to confess) for *Offences* which may excuse the *Pedantry* of so many *Latine* Copies *intermix'd*, so that you have at the *same* view presented you the *Verse's* faults, and the *Author's* too. That *Journey* in particular, which without *leave* he *took*, it fell to his lot, for *atonement*, to *describe*: where he ha's perhaps *increas'd* his fault by *confessing* it; but that *Reverend Person*, who *impos'd*, ha's *pardon'd* it, and the *Reader* may (if he pleases) do so *too*. If any *cavill* at its being call'd *Orientale*, this may let them know, he ha's done it, because though it lye very much *South*, it goes more usually by the name of an *Eastern Journey*, and some of the *Towns* in the *road* are (as *all know* that have *travell'd* it) distinguish'd by *East* and *West*, not *North* and *South*; so that he chose rather to follow *common account*, then *true estimation*: beside, were it a meer *mistake* in *Chorography* 'tis not the *first* that has escap'd *Poetry*. Thus he *ha's said* what he thought *needfull*, to prevent any *prejudices* against *himself* or his *Verses*; but if the *Reader* will now bring him under the

Criticks

Criticks Lash, he shall scarce *cry* for it. Those that have *bought* the book are, it may be, *losers*, and must therefore have *leave* to *talk*; only let them remember, that he who *censures* rigidly, shewes perhaps some *Judgement*: but he who *forbears* expresses more *Candour*.

THE

To the Reader.

Critick: Laſh, he ſhall ſcarce *any* for it. Thoſe that have *bought* the book are, it may be, *loſers*, and muſt therefore have *leave* to *talk*, only let them remember, that he who *cenſures* rigidly, ſhewes perhaps ſome *Judgement*: but he who *ſerbours* expreſſes more *Candour*.

THE

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The Garden.

HAppy art thou whom God doth bless
With the full choice of thine own happiness;
And happyer yet because thou'rt blest,
With prudence how to chuse the best;
In Books and Gardens thou hast plac'd aright
(Things which thou well dost understand,
And both dost make with thy laborious hand)
Thy noble innocent delight.
And in thy vertuous Wife, where thou again dost (meet
Both pleasures more refin'd and sweet:

The faireſt garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wiſeſt books;
O who would change theſe ſoft yet ſolid joys,
For empty ſhowes and ſenſeleſs noiſe,
And all which rank Ambition breeds,
Which ſeem ſuch beautious Flowers and are ſuch
(poyſnous Weeds.

2

When God did Man to his own likeneſs make,
As much as Clay (though of the pureſt kind
By the great Potters Art refin'd
Could the Divine Impreſſion take;
He thought it fit to plant him, where
A kind of Heaven to did appeare,
As far as Earth could ſuch a likeneſs beare,
That Man no happineſs might want,

Which Earth to her first master could afford,
He did a Garden for him plant,
By the quick hand of his omnipotent word:
As the chief help and joy of humane life
He gave him that first gift, first, even before a (wife.

3

For God the Universal Architect
'T had been as easy to erect
A Louvre, or Escuriall, or a Towre,
That might with Heaven Cõmunication hold,
As *Babel* vainly thought to do of olds.
He wanted not the skill or power,
In the worlds fabrick those were showne,
And the Materials were all his owne.
But well he knew what place would best agree

With innocence and with felicity.
And we elsewhere still seek for them in vain,
If any part of them do still remain.
This may our judgment in the earth direct,
God the first Garden made, & the first City *Cain*.

4.

O blessed Shades! ô gentle cool retreat,
From all th'immoderate heat,
In which the frantick world does burn & sweat.
This does the Lyon-star ambitions rage,
This Avarice the Dog-stars thirst allwage.
Every where else their fatal power we see,
They make and rule mans wretched destiny.
They neither set nor disappear,
But Tyrannize o're all the year.
Whilst we nor feel their flame nor influence here.

The Birds that dance from bough to bough,
And ſing above in every tree,
Are not from care and feares more free,
Then we who lye, or ſit, or walk below,
And ſhould by right be ſingers too.
What Princes Quire or Muſick can excel
That which within this ſhade doth dwel?
(For which we nothing pay or give,
They like all other Poets live (pains
Without reward or thanks for their obliging
'Tis well if they become not prey.)
The liſtning winds adde their leſſe artful ſtraines,
And a grave baſe the murmuring fountaines play.
Nature does all this Harmony beſtow,
But to our plants arts Muſick too,
The Pipe, Theorbo, and Gittarre we owe,

The Lute it ſelfe which once was green & mute
When Orpheus took the inſpired Lute
The Trees danc'd round, and underſtood,
By Sympathy the voice of wood.

5.

Theſe be the ſpells which to kind ſleep invite,
And nothing does within reſiſtance make,
Which yet we moderately take.
Who would not chuſe to be awake,
While hee's incompaſſ'd round with ſuch delight
To th'ear, the noſe, the touch, the taſt, & ſight;
When *Venus* would her dear *Aſcanius* keep,
A Priſoner in the downy bonds of ſleep,
Th'odorous herbs and flowers about him ſpread
As the moſt ſoft and ſweeteſt bed.
Not her own lap would more have charm'd his (head.

Who

Who that has reason and a smell
Would not among Roses and Jesamine dwell,
Rather then all his spirits choak
With Exhalations of dust and smoak,
And all the' uncleanes which does drown
In pestilential clouds a populous town?
The Earth it self breaths better perfumes here,
Then all the femal men and women there
(Not without cause it's thought) about them bear.

6.

When *Epicurus* to the world had taught
That pleasure was the chiefest good
(And was perhaps i'th'right if rightly understood)
His life he to his doctrine brought
And in a Gardens shade that soveraigne pleasure sought.
Whoever a true Epicure would be,

May there find cheap and vertuous luxury:
Vitellius his table which did hold
As many Creatures as the Ark of old.
That fiscal table to which every day
All Countrys did a constant tribute pay,
Could nothing more delitious afford
Then natures liberality
Helpt by a little art and industry,
Allows the meanest Gardiners board.
The wanton taste no fish, nor fowl can choose
For which the Grape or Melon she would loose,
Though all th'inhabitants of Sea and Aire
Are listed in the Gluttons bill of fare,
Yet still the fruits of Earth we see
Plac'd the third story high in all his luxury.

7.

But with no sense the Garden does comply,
Nor courts or flatters as it doth the Eye,
When the great Hebrew King did almost strain
The wondrous treasures of his wealth & brain,
His Royall Southerne Guest to entertain,
Though she on Silver floors did tread
With bright Assyrian Carpets on them spread,
To hide the mettals poverty,
Though she look'd up to roofes of Gold,
And nought around her could behold,
But Silk and rich Embroidery,
And Babylonian Tapestry,
And wealthy *Hiram*'s Princely dye,
Though Ophir's starry stones met every where her Eye,
Though she her self & her gay host were dresst

In

In all the ſhining glories of the Eaſt,
When laviſh art her coſtly work had done,
The honour and the prize of bravery
Was by the Garden from the Palace won.
And every Roſe and Lilly there did ſtand
Better attir'd by natures hand.
The cauſe thus judg'd againſt the King we ſee
By one who would not be ſo rich, though wiſer
(far then he.

8.

Nor does this happy place only diſpenſe
Such various pleaſures to the ſenſe,
Here health it ſelf doth live,
That ſalt of life which does to all a reliſh give,
It's ſtanding pleaſure and intrinſick wealth
The Bodies vertue, & the Souls good fortune
(Health,

The

The tree of life when it in Eden stood
Did its immortall head to Heaven rear,
It lasted a tall Cedar till the Floud,
Now a small thorny shrub it does appear.
Nor will it thrive too every where,
It here is alwaies freshest seen,
'Tis only here and ever green.
If through the strong and beautious fence
Of temperance and innocence,
And wholsome labours, and a quiet mind
Any diseases passage find.
They must not think here to assail
A land unarmed, or without a guard,
They must fight for it and dispute it hard
Before they can prevail.
Scarce any plant is growing here,

Which

Which against death some weapon does not bear:
Let Citys boast that they provide
For life the ornament of pride,
But 'tis the Garden and the Field,
That furnish it with staffe and shield.

9.

Nor does the wisdome and the power divine.
In a more bright and sweet reflection shine
Where do we finer strokes and colours see
Of the Creators Royall Poetry?
Then when we with attention look
Upon the third days volume of the book,
If we could open and intend our Eye,
Wee all like *Moses* might espie
Even in a bush the radiant Deity.
Though we despise these his inferior wayes

Though

(Though no lesse full of miracle and praise)
Upon the flowers of heaven we gaze,
The stars of earth no wonder in us raise
Though these perhaps do more then they
The life of mankind sway.
Although no part of mighty nature be
More stor'd with beauty, power & mystery,
Yet to encourage humane industry,
God has so order'd that no other part
Such space and such dominion leaves for art.

10.

We no where art do so triumphant see
As when it grafts or buds the tree.
In other things we count it to excell
If it a docill Scholar can appear
To nature and but imitate her well,
It overrules and is her Mistress here:

It imitates her Maker's power divine,
And changes her sometimes, and sometimes does refine.
It does like grace the fallen tree restore
To its best state of Paradise before.
Who would not joy to see his conqu'ring hand
O're all the Vegetable world command,
And the wild Gyants of the wood receive
What lawes he's pleas'd to give.
He bids th' ill-natur'd crab produce
The gentle apple's winy juice,
The golden fruit that worthy is
Of Galatæa's purple Kisse.
He does the savage hawthorne teach
To bear the Medlar and the Pear,
He bids the rustick plum to rear
A nobler Trunk and be a Peach;

Even *Daphne* coy neſſe he does mock,
And weds the Cherry to her ſtock
Though ſhe refuſed *Apollo*'s ſuit,
Even ſhe the chaſt and virgin tree
Now wonders at her ſelfe to ſee
That ſhe's a Mother made, & blushes in her fruit.

II.

Methinks I ſee great *Dioclesian* walk
In the *Salonian* Gardens noble ſhade,
Which by his own imperiall hands was made:
I ſee him ſmile (methinks) as he does talk
With the Ambaſſadours who came in vain
To' invite him to a Throne again.
If I (my friends ſays he) ſhould to you ſhow
All the contents which in this Garden grow,
'Tis likelyer much that you ſhould with me ſtay,

Then

Then 'tis that you should carry me away,
And trust me not (my friends) if every day
I walk not here with more delight,
Then ever after the most happy fight,
In triumph to the Capitol I rode,
To thank the Gods, and to be thought almost
(my self a God.

A. Cowley

FINIS.

ON THE PICTURE OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST,

In St John's Colledge Library Oxon,

Written in the Psalms.

With double reverence we approach, to look,
On what's at once a Picture and a Book:
Nor think it Superstition to adore
A King made Now more sacred then Before!
Here no fond Artist at our sight lets in
The sly debauchery of painted sin;
Provoking real Lust by feigned Art,
As if his Pencil were a Cupid's Dart:

Nor no dissembling Painters flatt'ring Glasse
Turns gross Deformity to beauteous Grace,
And mending, Doubly Counterfets a face:
The Object here's Majestick and Divine,
Divinity does Majesty enshrine,
Each adds to th'others lustre: such a thing
Befits the Image of a Saint and King.
Each Lineament o'th' Face contains a Prayer,
Phylact'ries fill the place of common Hair:
Which circling their belov'd Defender spread
Like a True Glory round his Royall Head.
His Mouth with Precepts fill'd bespeaks our Ear,
Summons That Sence too, bids us See and Hear,
Both are Divine: Blest *Moses* thus did see
At once the Tables and the Deity:
Thus Faith by Seeing comes: Religion thus
Enamours, when to th'Sences obvious:

This

This ſight would worke a Miracle on the Rout:
Make them at once both Loyall and Devout.
No maſſy Crown loads his diviner brow,
This would Debaſe, cannot Adorne him now:
Tis farre too groſs 'mong Spirits to have place,
A greater Majeſty ſhines in his Face.
Thus after Death eterniz'd, he out-vies
The New Rome's Saints, & the Old's Deities.
While Pilgrims from the world around ſhal come,
Not to adore thy Birth-place, or thy Tomb,
No Sacred Relique, or Remain of thine,
Thy Statue, or thy Picture, Hearſe, or Shrine:
But the bright luſtre of thy heav'nly Brow,
Thy ſelf thus plac'd in Glory here Below.
But well has Art, leſt our weak ſight ſhould fail,
Cover'd our *Moſes* with a double veil.

First then i'th' middle of some brightest day
Oppose thy sight to the Sun's fiercest ray,
Outface him on in his Zenith: if this light
Do not destroy, but purify thy sight,
Then mayst thou draw the Outer Veil, and pry
Into this Image of Divinity:
But not the Next; some myst'ry sure there was
That we must yet but see thee in a Glass.
Had *Moses* seen thy radiant Majestie,
That Prophet had resign'd his Veil to Thee:
Nor had He needed it, wer't Thou in sight,
His twinckling Splendour had held in its light:
His Veil had hid his pious shame, and Hee
Had Doubly bin obscur'd, by That and Thee:
His dazling lustre, though Ador'd Before,
Had only serv'd to shew that Thou hadst More;

And

And well thou might'ſt, for that Divinity
He only Gaz'd upon, is Lodg'd in Thee.
Thy Count'nance does with innate luſtre ſhine,
Whoſe every Feature's, like Thy ſelfe, Divine.
The Lines and Thee ſo like in ev'ry thing,
That while we ſee the Pſalms, we read the King.
Inabled thus Thy ſelf, Thy ſelf to inſpire,
To be at once the Sacrifice and Fire.
Glorious Without, thy Bodie's ev'ry part
Is faſhion'd, as thy Soul, after God's heart,
Thoſe Parcels of Religion we adore
In Others, are Compleated Here, and More.
That Impreſſe of the Deity in the Mind
Of Others ſtampt, we in Thy Body find.
Thy frame ſo like Divine in ev'ry part,
That thou doſt not Reſemble it, but Art.

The Artist has D[illegible]n'd, not Drawn thee here,
Nor is't a Picture, but a Character:
The Embleme of thy Mind; Posteritie (be:
May hence learn what Thou wert, & They should
Thy own Example: safely may'st thougoe,
Thy Self the Passenger and Conduct too.
Know but Thy Self, All Other things are known;
All Science here is Self reflexion.

The Presbyterian Maxim holds not here,
That calls Locks impious if below the Ear:
When every fatall clip lops off a Prayer,
And he's accurs'd that dares but cut thy Hair.
The mad Phanatick, seeing these thy rayes,
Struck with the light, falls on his face, and prayes,
And blind with lustre that did round him shine,
Acknowledges the Vision is Divine,

fulsom

And

And waſhing off his hypocritick paint,
He reconciles the Subject and the Saint.
Thoſe madder Zealots, that as ſoon as come
From the Arabian Impoſtor's Tomb,
Put out their eyes the Image to retain,
Counting all future objects are but vain,
Would here be ſav'd the labour, and ſhould find
True Miracles Strike their beholders blind:
Nor would they reſt, till come where they might (be
Bleſt with the laſting ſights of Heav'n and Thee.

And now, bleſt Spirit, while thy glorious Ghoſt
Remains above, may we thy Mantle boaſt.
Still like *Apollo* 'mong our Muſes ſit,
Improving both our Piety and Wit.
Still with us as our Guardian Angel ſtay:
(Thou'art full as glorious and as bright as They,)

To our New Troy Thou the Palladium be,
May we Our selves lose when we forfeit Thee.
From Thee Protection may we find, and Light,
Safe in Thy Guard, & with Thy Lustre Bright:
May our continued Piety load Thy eares
With Pilgrim's Vows, & with Our daily Prayers:
And may'st thou oft 'mong us descend, and see
What's far too holy to be ought but Thee.
Resolve our scruple, since none other can,
Our too much Piety makes us Profane:
While, seeing thy lustre so divinely clear,
We scarce believe thou art in Heaven, but Here.

On Gunpowder Treason.

HEnce dull Pretenders unto Villany,
Unpractis'd puisnes in Iniquity,
Low-spir'ted Fools that in comparison
Scarce seem t'have earn'd your own Damnation:
Make room for nobler Sinners that out-doe
As far the Devils as the Devils You.
They'l Merit Hell, & left they should have none
Prepar'd for their reward, they'l Dig their Own.
Dig on brave Traytors, cut a nearer path
Upwards for Us, and for Your selves Beneath.
Heav'n saw your underminings, and the form
Of your dark Fire-works, and did fear a Storm:
Trees once were shot at Heav'n, but here they see
A Pallace must a single Volley be.

Sol's

Sol's Steeds at the report will ſtart he fears,
And once more fire th'amazed univerſe.
The Lightning, had the dreadfull clap been given,
Had blaſted all the Earth, and almoſt Heaven:
No marvel then if Heaven did jealous grow,
Hearing of greater Thunderers Below.
The Devils left poſſeſſion of the Air,
The Gods, they hear'd, were now a coming there.
Bodyes would upwards ſwift as Spirits riſe,
As once a Burnt and Living Sacrifice:
The King to Heav'n, Already Crown'd, had gone,
And bin Again inſtall'd in his Own Throne.
The King and Palace had gone up together,
He had both found & brought a Manſion thither.
The Parliament had ſhar'd their Maſters fate,
He'ad gone to Heav'n, as to the Houſe, in State.

The

The Lords and Commons had attendants bin,
Only the Catholicks had hung between,
Where with their Brethren by that time they'd feel
A Purgatory hotter then Hell.
But ere the Plot had took, if Heav'n had not,
Sure Hell it ſelf would have betray'd the Plot.
The damned Sp'rits a hotter hell did fear,
And ſaw they now were twice damn'd, There and (Here.
The Devils Trembled when theſe Traytors came,
And now complain'd they felt a fiercer flame.
Their Stench infects the Pit, the Damn'd admire
Their Hotter flames, and Hell it ſelf cries Fire.
And ſtill they ſhun their loathed Ghoſts, and fear
A Second Powder Treaſon, even There.

But ah unhappy London, how at laſt
Is thy Thankſgiving turn'd into a Faſt.

To Heav'n what mix'd devotion muſt we pay
Fitting the Joyful Sadneſs of the Day!
Alas, what ruinous Trophies ſhall we raiſe,
Weeping our Joy, & Mourning out our Praiſe!
Alas, how muſt we both Complain and Bleſs,
Since though our Loſs be Greater, yet 'tis Leſs!
The Ruine here was for its Largneſs ſmall,
There in a little we'd loſt more then All:
Thus the Contracted beams o'th Sun conſpire
A more Confin'd, but a much Fiercer Fire.
There we had loſt a Kingdom in a Prince,
We've ſav'd a City in Another ſince.
Since *Charles* is ſafe, we need no more to fear
Then Heav'n it ſelf when *Jupiter* is there.
What though we'd loſt our City and our Men,
His powerful word can ſpeak both back agen.

Our

Our new *Troy* could no more quite burnt have bin
Then th'old, while its Palladium was within.
Then Triumph, in thy Aſhes far above
The reach of Treaſon, though it Proſp'rous prove:
Out of thy Ruines more Illuſtrious riſe,
Fire if it quite conſumenot, purifies.
Thus Treaſon ſhall be Fruſtrate though it Take,
And adde a Rubrick to our Almanack.
Before we thank'dHeav'n 'cauſe the plot did miſs,
We'l thank him Now for the Succeſsof This.

In Peſtem Londinenſem.

EN, deſerta petunt cumulata caterva, nec Urbem
Sic, niſi Se poſſint deſeruiſſe, ſat eſt.
Nec patitur Vita ſolatia Vita: juvatq;
Ut maneant Homines, ſic ſimulare Feras.

Pone

Ponè premens fatum fugientes percutit, icti
Sed tamen adverso pectore vulnus habent.
Fervida secretò torret præcordia flamma,
Fervida vel Mundum flamma vorâße potens.
Jamq́ dolent, quorum jamdudum & aperta fuerunt
Pectora, vel clausas nunc reperire Fores.
Jamq́ Viatorem Majora pericula cingunt,
Et miser in mortem, vel Fugiendo, Ruit.
Dùm via ab ægrotis obseßa est regia, credas
Sanaturum aliquem rursus adesse Deum.
En tandèm Deserta! Domi quæratis Eremum,
Quam Fugiendo Facit quisque, Petendo Caret.
Excipit Herba Viros, surgunt nova gramina vicis,
Nempe hîc, ut crescant Gramina, marcet Homo.
In Româ quondam Romam: hæc si Roma fuisset,
Romanos poterant non reperisse suos.

Urbs

Urbs olim fuerat, ſed nunc cõmune Sepulchrum eſt,
Tantaq; vix totidem ſufficit Urna Viris:
Nec Mors exhauſtâ reperit nova tela pharetrâ:
Quod Solum poterant, Vix potuêre, Mori
Non opus ut Numen cadat, cùm Proximus omnis
Omnipotens ſolo ſpargit ab Ore Necem.
Cum Precibus Mortem ſpirans in pectus Amatæ
Author Amans, Vitæ, fit Necis ipſe, ſuæ.
Armato Nudus truculentior: hoſtis uterque
Verba vibrans, cæſus mutuo ab ore, cadit.
Interimitq; Canis, ſolitus Munire, magiſtrum,
Turca ſatellitio ſic cadit ipſe ſuo.
Innocuus ſpirat; vel Turtur in aëre mortem,
Quoſq; necat, triſti voce, Columba, gemit:
Sic quiſque invitus ſocios homicida trucidat,
Sic jurant hominum cætera cuncta necem

Verè

Verè dicatur Londinum Urbs mortua, sedes
Facta Cadaveribus, quæ fuit ante Viris.
Quod si feros Mortis conservet fama triumphos,
En sibi Pyramidas struxerit ipsa Viros.
Define Mors tandem; nisi enim defuncta resurgant
Corpora, vix plures, qui moriantur, habes.

On Innocents Day.

CUrs'd be that blushing Morne that gave this light.
Withdrew the sable Curtains of the Night,
And light up Heav'ns bright Candle, as if Day
Began the Prologue of this dismal Play:
As if the guilty Light had willing been
A glad Spectator of this Tragick Scene.
For scarce 'twas Day, when in great *Bethlems* street
The troubled Air mix'd Voices rudely beat:
Confusion

Confusion in a thousand shapes appears,
Fear strikes the Citizens Minds, and Noise their Ears:
Distracted each a sev'ral way does goe,
They neither Safety nor their Danger know:
All drown'd in Tears, all swallow'd up with Grief,
Or at best busied seeking their Relief:
None free from fear but Infants were discern'd,
Secure in Danger, Least, yet most concern'd.

Their Saviour's Birth does the blind Jewes annoy,
And *Herod* Grieves at the Creation's Joy:
The' usurping Monarch feares the lawful Heir,
His Life must end to end the other's Fear:
He sees his Empire to it's period grown,
If the' Infant's dying stablish not his Throne.
He takes Religion as his only way,
And turns Disciple that he may Betray:

(With what foul spots is that fair Beauty stain'd
By it Heaven's Worship'd, and by it Profan'd.)
Submits his Neck to this abhorred Yoke,
And Bowes to th' Scepter which he wishes Broke.
The *Magi* are sent as Harbingers before,
With feign'd devotion the Infant King to adore:
Himself to follow after.——

Ah foolish Tyrant! didst thou think that He
Who made the Eyes, Himself yet could not see?
Well did his mind, false Proselite, presage
Thy zealous Heat was a more Fiery Rage:
The Spices sent before, and the Perfume
Were but design'd to dress him to his Tomb!
Devotion was the Cloak, but thy Intent,
To Kill by Kissing, Stab in Complement!

He

He ſaw, what e're thy falſe pretentes ſeem,
Thou didſt intend no Sacrifice but Him:
And thy falſe Fire with its unſav'oury Fume
Would both the Altar and the God conſume.
In vain with the Potter ſtrives the formed Clay;
In vain we ſeek Omnipotence to o'reſway:
In vain did *Herod* with his fooliſh skill
Endeavour thus the Lord of Life to kill:
In vain he by this unſucceſful wile
Thought Wiſdom's only Fountain to beguile.
For when the *Wiſemen*, by Heaven's conduct led,
(As once was *Iſrael* when from *Egypt* fled)
Were by that glit'ring Compaſs ſhew'd the place
Which by the ſight ſo eagerly they trace,
To which with weary'd ſteps their courſe they bend
By tedious journeys ſhortned by the end,

Streight (for their hasty Zeal brooks no delay)
They rush in where the Infant-Monarch lay.

But here my Muse must not so quick pass o're,
But stay with the *Wisemen*, & with them Adore.
They came, they saw (what more can Mortals say)
Where Earth's sole Monarch, Heaven's great Offspring lay.
They saw how young Divinity appear'd (Fear'd.
In it's weakest light, and while they Joy'd, they
They fear'd their forfeit sight for being so bold,
And Scarcely Saw they what they did Behold.
And well might even his Rising Rayes annoy
Whom his Meridian Brightness would Destroy.
So shine the timely Dawnings of the Day
With the weak lustre of an early Ray:
So do Out-strokes, when faintly shadow'd o're,
Betray great Beauty, while they promise More.

Such

Such a bright Glory round his Temples ſhin'd,
As to Saint *Paul* appearing ſtruck him blind.
His Deity in his Face ev'en Then was found:
So Infant Kings are in their Cradles crown'd.
Raviſh'd with th'glorious object they eſpy,
They Glut that ſenſe they cannot Satisfie.
This faculty does all their powers controul,
And in their Eyes alone reſides their ſoul:
Wrapt in an extaſie they joyntly cry,
'Tis good for ever to remain thus nigh:
Safely concluding from what now they taſte,
Hea'ven's greateſt Happineſſe is in Viſion plac'd.
But having done, their leaves they ſadly take,
Nor back to Court muſt they their journey make:
But through By-wayes, be'ing warn'd by Heaven (they ſtray,
Going then Righteſt, when moſt Out o'th' way.

Herod by the *Wiſemen* baſled boyls with rage;
Whole Hecatombs his Fury muſt aſſwage,
Thouſands of Infants ſacrific'd muſt lye,
Unhallow'd Victims to his Cruelty:
Whoſe Safety and Revenge ſecured here,
He calmes at once his Anger and his Feare.
His peſt'lent Voyce th'infected air does fill,
Like a Deſtroying Angel ſent to Kill.
And now pale Death triumphantly does ſway;
The Patent Royal's granted him to ſlay.
In vain the Infants fly his griping claw,
He cloſely ſcowres the Coaſt with hungry maw;
The Gates and Avenues ſecur'd muſt be,
Leſt thoſe not able yet to Goe ſhould Flee.
So does the fierce Hyrcanian Tyger rave,
That innate ſavageneſs which Nature gave,

Now heighten'd by a long-induced Faſt,
And many Dayes in the wild Deſart paſt:
Mad and enrage'd, about like Lightning flies,
Death in his aim, deſtruction in his eyes.
At laſt a Lamb he ſpies, a tender prey,
Which on the barren hills ſecurely lay:
Thither with cruell ſpeed he ſtreight does fly,
Spur'd on by Hunger, and by Cruelty.
The inno'cent prey takes patiently his rape,
And meekly Suffers what he cann't Eſcape:
While the inſulting Tyger proudly ſtares,
And his meek Captive into morſels teares;
Which done, he turns his Trophee into his Food,
And gluts his greedy appetite with Blood.
Thus they in Troops th'amazed City ſcowre,
Searching for prey, and ſeeking to devour.

Compleatly arm'd and marshall'd they appear,
'Gainst such as have no Weapon but a Tear:
Whose Inno'cence is their Guilt, and only Crime
Their Birth in that Unhappy Happy time:
Some fly with trembling speed to th'Nurses arms
Too weak a shelter from th'approaching harms:
While others, shunning of the same mishap,
Run to th' *Asylum* of their Mothers lap:
Some practising their new-taught-feet to goe.
When each step tends down to the Shades below.
Others, whose eyes Sleep newly had possess'd,
Are now sent headlong to Eternall Rest:
Wake'd but to see their End; the carefull Nurse,
That Sung to th'Cradle, weeping o're their herse,
While the distracted Mothers sadly rave,
Unable to preserve that life they gave:

Their

Their inward grief they divers wayes attest,
Expressing sorrow not to be expressed:
That grief, which else their too big souls would break,
They vent in teares, and by their actions speak.
The Streets with dolefull shreiks & outcryes ring,
Some curse their Saviour, and some their King.
Th'affrighted Infants to their bosomes fly,
And in that pleasing Sanctuary lye.
While they, no lesse distracted, strive in vain
To hide their feares, and pleasantnesse to feign.
There might you see two passions joyntly sway
Neither subdu'd, each striving for the day.
What Sense created Reason would destroy,
A Real sadness by Fictitious Joy.
Weeping their Smiles, at once they Sing & Groan:
Dead they Revive, and Comforting Bemoan.

A Dame, on whom kind Heaven did bestow
A Double Off-spring at a Single Throw,
Sitting securely pleas'd her self to see
Her short liv'd Issue playing on her Knee:
Who as if taught by instinct how to crave
That priviledge Nature for their use first gave,
Joyntly with eager lips draw in that food,
Without Concoction to be turn'd to Blood.
But as some blindfold are to ruine led, (Dead:
Not can perceive they'are Dying till they are
So here the Rumour was out-run by Fate,
And hasty Death did Fame anticipate.
The Murde'rers unexpectedly appear:
At which the astonish'd Mother, struck with fear,
Rowling distractedly her wandring eyes,
Their hellish Looks and bloody weapons spies.

She

She sadly doubting what they yet designd,
Too soon resolve they her ill-bodeing mind;
With a sad shreike she fills the ecchoing Air,
(Her Grief not yet dissolv'd into a Tear:)
And lest she should their destinyes behold,
Begs kinder Death her wearied eyes would fold:
So *Niobe* did her Off-spring slaine deplore;
She'out-runs their Fate, & turns a Stone Before
Her body a faire Sepulcher appear'd,
In which her Soul seem'd but to lye interr'd.
Her Feare did Death anticipate, and brought
The Tragedy Not acted, to her Thought:
Ruines Her Self, while Their's she does Foresee;
The Effects produce'd before the Cause can Bee.
They by this stranger Lightning struck Survive;
It kills the Mother, while the Children Live.

Like

Like ſome, who dye to appeaſe the Lawes (they'have broke,
Preventing Death, ſhee falls before the ſtroke.
Long did her hove'ring Soul it's Flight delay.
Loth to Depart, and lother yet to Stay.
There might you ſee how Death & Beauty ſtrove,
And Death it ſelf was overcome by Love.
Grim Death at laſt drawes back his fatall dart;
Her Soul returns to her ſtill panting Heart;
And with ſwift ſpeed ſhe rallies eve'ry power:
So ſhines the Sun recov'red from a ſhower.
False hopes ſtreight made her to her ſelf to ſeem
New-born to ſave, and raiſed to redeem:
A thouſand wayes ſhe fancies in her mind,
How to prevent that fate which Heav'en deſign'd:
Ten thouſand projects working in her brain,
No ſooner thought on, but ſhe thinks them vain.

With

With anxious care she imployes her Power and (Skills
Eager to Save, as they intent to Kill.
Sometimes by faire Perswasions powerful Arts
She seeks to move their unrelenting hearts;
Urging with th'silent Rhetorick of a Tear
Her plaints, but finds 'tis beating of the Air:
Sometimes with idle wishes would delay
Their sudden Ruine, and her Grief betrays
Wishing sh'had never been, or that her Womb
Might be their Refuge, or had been their Tomb.
Sometimes she strives a miracle to inforce,
Sets Naked Weakness 'gainst their Armed Force;
Her Nails, the only Armes by Nature they
Have granted them, nor those know to sway
Do in the face of the Assassinate
Imprint weak Tokens of a Powe'rfull Hate.

Her

Her blubber'd Face she cruelly does teare,
Pulls off the golden tresses of her hair.
Almost o'rewhelmed in a double Flood,
Tears from her Eyes, and from her Cheeks flow (Blood.
Thus while mad Passion does resistlesse sway,
She's to Her self more mercilesse then They.
In all her actions, words, and looks appear
The lively Characters of Grief, Rage and Fear.
Lifting at last to wards Heaven her watry eyes
She accuses and implores the Deities.

Just Heaven! unspotted Innocence defend,
And save these Infants from this tragick end.
Make not that Joyfull an unlucky time,
Man's Birth at once a Punishment and Crime.
Better, far better were a Barren Womb,
Then the Fruit thus curs'd to a sudden Doom.

Better

Better lye always fallow? to what boot
Should the Earth bring forth, if Heav'en streight
(blast the Fruit?
If to be Born be such a Crime, if this
Be Guilt, Abortion is the greatest Bliss.
Better in th'silent Womb of Darkness lye;
If in This sence Man's only Born to Dye:
Or here no better entertainment have,
But's tumbled out o'th' Womb into the Grave;
Or is't the most unhappy thing to be
Coævall to the World's Felicity?
Must this be mortall? is the eternal Word
Come not with Olive Branches, but a Sword?
Or must his Death Save, and his Birth Destroy?
The equal cause both of our Grief and Joy?
Thus great Prosperities many times undoe,
And too much Happ'iness is the greatest Woe.

Or must the Worlds King have a Noble Fate?
And since he needs must Dye, must dye in State?
So vast a Retinue sent to attend
This mighty Monarch to his wish'd-for end;
If thus some needs must dye, let Them survive;
Punish the Offender, let the Guiltless live.
'Tis I, 'tis I have the Offender bin,
And caus'd them (if it be a Sin) to sin.
'Tis I first did curs'd be that fatall day:)
Contract the debt, which They, alas, must Pay.
'Tis I their Parent the sowre Grapes have eat,
And must these Infant's teeth on edge be set?
One life from Me they took, grant now Another,
And may I be their Saviour, as their Mother.
On me inflict what's due to this Offence,
To expiate my Guilt, and Their Innocence.

Ah might my flowing Blood these Infants feed,
How freely, like the Pelican, I'd bleed!
Triumphant then unto my fate I'd goe,
And gladly visit sadder shades below.
Must wretched I no sooner Have, but Leave?
Did Heav'en thus Store mee, only to Bereave?
Ah must——

But here Death would no longer wait,
But at once finish'd Her Speech, and Their Fate.
For though before her Kind Soul back did come,
'Twas but to wait upon her Infants home:
'Twas Love that but so lately made her stay,
The same Love Now does hasten her away.
'Tis hard to tell in which she love'd them more:
She 'was loth to stay Behind, or go Before.

She sees, and seeing dyes, the two-edge'd Steel
Wounding the Children, does the Mother kill.
Grasping them in her greedy arms, one stroke
Fells the small Ivy, and supporting Oak:
Thus all three fell, intwine'd in one another,
They kill'd the Twins, and in the Twins the Mo-(ther.
The Infants dye inth' Mothers armes intwin'd,
And whō DeathSever'd, Death again Conjoyn'd.
What hidden force in Sympathy does lye!
By it we are Healed, and by it we Dye.
It Cures Diseases, and it makes them Worse:
The same is both a Blessing and a Curse.
Our Double Ignorance here we must deplore;
We neither know thy Nature, nor thy Power.
Fall'n she remains a Monu'ment on their Tomb:
They find a Coffin, where they found a Womb.

So

So all Three to Eternity are Shown:
And she is both Their Statue and Her Own.

In Victoriam Novissimam de Batavis Navalem.

EN quanta instruitur Lanionũ Classis in Anglos!
Belgicus in nostras quàm Leo savit Oves!
Nostra diù jactans circumfretat æquora Classis;
Musca ambit Flammas sic peritura suas.
Sed fugit Batavus quamprimùm apparuit Anglus,
Ocyùs, à Batavo quàm fugiebat Ovis.
Provocat en totam, Ruperte, Liburnica Classem:
Majus adhuc poterat, nam Tua, Classis erat.
Caßius armatis sic sulcat puppibus æquor;
Parvula sic superat Cæsaris Una Decem.

Ajaces rabidi Pecudes necuêre: reportant
Angli Aurum, Batavi nil nisi Vellus habent.
Hæc quoque Ruperti dein plectet furta Moloſſus:
Æquora sic Lembus proteget, Arva Canis.
Vos equidem, Batavi, concedimus eſſe Gigantes:
Fulmine Rupertum cernitis eſſe Jovem.
Æquora ſemper adhuc voluiſtis Libera, Clauſum
Plurima jam faciunt Corpora veſtra Mare.
Jamq; petita tenent bellorum præmia, Pontum:
Fuit quidem Soli Sic habuêre Fretum.
Jam ficta horriſoni deponite fulmina Belgæ;
Redditeq; Auratus, quas rapuiſtis, Oves.
A Precibus tantùm Cœli ſuperantur & Angli:
Solaq; non poterit vincere Nuda Manus.

Epithalamium

Epithalamium

To his Dear Brother.

WHile crowding Poets do like Fidlers (throng,
And to base Musick bring a baser Song,
That call a Wedding Happy for the Cheer,
And while they Praise a Portion, Beg a Share:
While Others by large Praises only prove
How much they Envy, not how well they Love,
As desp'rate Rivals, when the Prize is gone,
Give others Joy of that they wish'd their Own:
While Others make Perfections where there's None,
And in a *Ladies* dress trick up a *Fone*, (staine,
That with false paint the Brides foul cheeks di-
(Men who are Poets only 'cause they Feigne,

And feigne so boldly as 'twere their intent
To Create Bliss out of a Complement:)
May I, Dear Brother, now at last, though late,
Applaud at once your Wisdom and your Fate;
Who have obtain'd what was deny'd to *Jove*,
At the same time both to be Wife and Love:
Whose Judgment so with Love did interpose,
As if at once both Each and Neither chose.
Your Prudence was not by Affection sway'd,
Nor your Affection by your Prudence laid:
But each assisting other joyntly prove
You know both how to Chuse & how to Love.

Faces there are which are accounted fair
For their Own Jewels, or Anothers Hair,
Painted out in a Brave, but Borrow'd hue,
Themselves the Limners and the Pictures too;

These

Theſe Roſes when the Bridegroom comes to crop,
He finds he's wedded to a Painters Shop:
Some Pretty, but miſplac'd Complexions ſeem
Like Handſome Pictures on a Crooked Beam;
Theſe for their Bodies run to ſeek amends mends.
From Cloaths, and what God made the Taylor
At night th'unhappy Man begins to frown,
And ſees he's marri'ed but a handſome Gown:
If both be fair, how often do we view
A Pretty Carcaſs, but a Carcaſs too!
A Handſome Out-ſide, but a Mind ſo Foul,
Their Body holds no ſymmetry with th'Soul:
But if the Out-ſide Silver be, alas,
How does the Hidden though Baſe metall paſs!
You are with Beauty and with Vertue bleſt,
With a Faire Inne, and a much Fairer Gueſt:

That who her beauteous Comelineſs eſpy
Would think you choſe her only by your Eye;
But who to mind her Soul's endowments call
Would ſwear you minded not her Face at all:
She being thus All Beauty and All Mind,
At the ſame time you Were and were Not Blind.
Still may your Love be Laſting as 'twas Juſt,
Free from baſe Covetouſneſs and ſordid Luſt;
May you enjoy ſtill with a freſh delight
All pleaſures of the Day and of the Night:
Still may your Appetite with Fulneſs flow,
With Fulneſs may your Appetite ſtill Grow;
May your dear Rib now come again abide
As cloſe as Adam's while 'twas in his ſide:
Who in his ſol't'ry ſleep, rob'd of his bone,
Was juſtly puniſh'd 'cauſe he lay Alone.

And

And you fair Bride, who by your coming hither
Made that a Bed which was before a Grave,
Thus set, you're Us'd and Valued, who before
Lay like a scatter'd Pearl upon the Shore.
Thus Barren Heaths are Wast & Common laid,
Eden it self was an Inclosure made.
No wonder Man, when *Eve* did first appear,
Left Paradise, he found Another Here:
Kind Heav'n bestow'd, preventing of his suit,
A Paradise Without Forbidden Fruit.
May it from you be more then ever known,
That 'twas not Good for Man to be Alone.
Twin'd in the magick Circle of your Arms
Safe may He lye inchanted free from harms;
Wandring with new delight o're every part
Laid now as free and open as your Heart.

Where

Where may He Do more then the Poets Feign;
These Men made Gods, but He must make the (Man.
Here *Hymen* bids me go, put out the Light,
And now God speed you both, & so Good night.

On Christmas.

AH mighty God, yet weaker then a Man!
Immense Eternity less then a Span!
Thou who Made'st all men, & art Made one too!
(How does Omnipotence it self out-do!)
As thou wer't God, thou could'st do All before;
Now thou art Man, thou hast done yet one thing
Create a World he must be God that can, (More.
But he that can Redeem't must be a Man.
Was this the lesser work? or can it be
That thou wer't weaker by Divinitie?

Can

Can the Arm of Flesh more then the Almighty (can?
Or is God less omnipotent then Man?
Mysterious Deity! my rack'd Soul restore;
I am dazled by the Sun which I adore. (tween.

Strange kind of Veil which thou hast put be-
That thou maist both be Hidden & be Seen! (faces
Thus only while thou Hide'st thou Shew'st thy
And the same Flesh is both thy Veil and Glass.
So the bright Sun's seen only in a Cloud,
And that he may be Look'd on, weares a Shroud:
So *Moses* o're his Face a Veil must draw,
And only when they could not see, they saw.

The *Thracians* can no more their custome keep,
Since at thy Birth 'twere Blasphemy to Weep:
Thy Birth, which countermands bold Natures (sway,
And makes a twinkling Star to rule the Day:

A Star, which then in it's full Splendour shone,
When at thy Death the Sun himselfe had none:
Well might a Star by Day in Heaven appear:
Thou being thence, ev'n Day was Midnight there.
Eve'n Day was Midnight there: nor could Hea-
(v'en shine,
With the Sun's beams, since 'twas bereav'd of
(Thine.

Methinks mistaken *Simeon* should not pray
Lord let me now Depart, but let me Stay.
The *Magi* thus with their officious train
Saluted thee, and so return'd again.
St *Peter*'s piety forc'd another pray'er,
He wisely did perceive 'twas Good being There.

Hark, how the labo'uring Universe does groan!
All feel the pangs, thy Mother only None.
The Oracles do in sad silence rest,
And only with Dumb Devils are possest.

Distra-

Distracted Kings Now more then Ever fear,
Like Tyrants when their lawful Prince is near.
The Astronomers mind Old Stars no more, they
A better *Phosphorus* now that leads to Thee.
Hither the *Magi* laden take their way,
With pious fraud, to Worship and Betray.
As *Judas* Lip such was the *Magi*'s Knee,
A Torch-light Him, a Star led Them to Thee.
Mean while Thou with the same becoming smile
Accept'st their Offering, & Deride'st their Guile.

Thy Virgin-Mother differ'rent piety pays,
Love to her Son, and to her Saviour Praise:
She who was both thy Votary and Mother,
Dandling on One Knee, Worshipping on T'other.

Ah happy Maid! how safe art thou from harm,
The Rock of Ages circled in thy arm!

While

While the World's Saviour rests upon thy knee,
How can I bow to Him, and not to Thee?
The Mother of God who would not fall before?
And who the Son of Woman dares to adore?
Yet being (as thou art) a God, how can
Thy blessed mother bring forth onely Man?
Help me, dear Jesus, that I neither be
Devout to Her, nor yet Profane to Thee.
Nor let my curious Piety aspire (mire.
To Know too much what Hea'ven's content t'Ad-

In Londini Incendium.

Quis novus effulget, procul hinc quem cernimus, (Ignis?
Credo equidem Mundi machina tota flagrat,
Decidit è Cœlis Sodomitica flamma: Resurgit
Ignis hic ad Superas Savior usq; domos.

Quam

Quàm parvũ est flammas Noctis vicisse Tenebras
Vidimus Hos ignes exuperâsse Diem.
Imperat haud Nocti Luna, aut Tu, Phabe, Diei:
Vendicat imperium Flamma Utriusque Sibi;
Aspicias vultus: vimiâ Sol pallet ab irâ,
Et magis à vimio Luna pudore rubet.
Fámque interposito Sol obscuratur ab Igne.
Deliquii major Lux nova causa tui est.
Accipit à rutilo nox nunc sua lumina Phabo
Luna, sed hoc majus lumen ab Igne capit.
Tecta vorat, Sacrasque etiam grassatur in aedes,
Deliciasque Hominum, Deliciasque Dei.
Deserto fugiens decrat quondam Incola Tecto,
Fámque caret Tectis Incola quisque suis.
Templa cadunt; ebeu! quod quondã, Christe, dolebat;
Vix iterùm Domus est ulla reperta Tibi.

Dona

Deua solent, nunc ipsa cadunt Aliaria: Asylum
Quæ fuerat Cunctis, non fuit Ara Sibi.
Excelso liquidum flebat de culmine Plumbum:
Quid faciunt Homines? ipsa Metalla gemunt.
Ad Propreúmq; silent Campana liquentia Funus,
Cúmque Sonum nequeant edere, Flere volunt.
Unda datur Flammis, Flamma absorbentur & Undæ:
Et fugiens Sibi jam Thamesis ipse timet.
Sistitur, ut tandem flamma alta Palatia cernit:
Imperium agnoscit, Carole, *Flamma tuum.*
Majoresque foris ignes emittis in hostes:
Spargitur è ratibus larga ruina tuis?
Ardens ut quondam misit sua Fulmina Cælum,
Anglia sic Ardet nostra Tonátque simul.
Et tandem Batavus, tandem atq; extinguitur Ignis;
Sic Flamma infesto cum Phaethonte perit.

Ampla

Ampla hac (ah!) alios meruere Trophaa Triumphos:
Haud equidem tanta Belgia digna Rogo est.

In Christi Natalem.

Cur sua destituit turbatus ovilia Pastor?
Et celer insolitas avido pede tendit ad Urbes?
Cur veneranda Cohors caelestes nuntia sedes
Deserit, astriferas librans in pergula pennas?
Cûrve novo attoniti splendescunt sidere cali?
Magnum aliquod dignúmque Deo miracula tanta
Pollicitantur opus; nec frustrà sidera linquit
Angelicus Catus, properat nec Pastor anhelus,
Nec spectaturum accendit nova lumina Calum.
Non Terram, exutus Calis & Numine falso,
Fictorum visit fictus Pater ille Deorum:

Nec varias sumunt cælestia Corpora formas,
Illicitus quas cogit Amor, quas Stupra sequuntur.
Sed Pater Omnipotens quicquid produxerat antè
Prospicit, & quoniam nil majus restat agendum,
Se tandem creat Ipse sibi Pater atque Propago:
Numen Origo Sui est, Opus atque Operarius idem.

Quódque magis mirère, Deus de Virgine prodit:
Quē nec Terra capax, Uterus complectitur arctus.
Virgo Virum profert, sustentat Femina Numen:
Immensum pondus, sed nec Grave sentit, & ipsâ
Majestate Leve; & Gemitu cùm Parva feruntur
Pignora, Tu totum paris, & sine Luctibus, Orbem:

Prima Deo Soboles sacrata dicatur ad Aras:
Cùm Tu sola Illum Sibi consecraveris ipsum:
Digna Deo Deus est oblatio sola; Tuumq;
Et Primogenitum Ipsius quoque Numinis offers:

Curvatis Terras humeris suffulserat Atlas:
Continet amplexu Cælum Maria; Precantur
Quo reliqui, flexo Sustentat poplite Numen.

Numen, & in Cunis: felix Infantia primùm
Te capit; Innocuâ dum Majestate rubentes,
Et nondum pleno radiantes sidere, vultus
Miratur populus; non ultrà antiqua ferebat
Dona Deis plausitve oriture Persia Phœbo:
Majoris tandem veneratur Numinis Ortum:
Huc properans plenis audax scrutatur acerris,
Inventòque Magus Sese cum Munere tradit.

In Cælum usque Jubar Lux hac divina coruscum
Porrigit, inde novum nova Lux illuminat Astrum;
Luna suam Phœbo sic debet pallida Lucem;
Sideribus Cæli nè gestiat Aula, petenda,
Clara tenebrosa nec Lux a sole sorori est:

Luminis hinc Lumen, Lux ipsa precaria Phœbi est:
Splendeat ut totus, Terris debebat, Olympus.
Cernitur in Sancto discors concordia vultu:
Lætitiâ certat Mæror; Guttæq; fluentes
Compescunt Risus, & Gaudia Fletibus obstant.
Flere Pudet, Ridere Dolet: quod flebile cogunt
Mos & Opus, Numenq; operisq; Effecta coercent.
Sed tandem in talem cessant certamina, qualem
Nascentis decet esse Dei: mixtiq; refulgent
Hinc Puer, Hinc Jesus: *teneris Deus emicat annis.*
Vastũ iter in Terras meditatus ab æthere Christus
Virgineo tenui indusum se credidit alvo.
Merx si tanta utero periisset condita parvo,
Naufraga in æternum sensissent sæcula damnum:
Sed tutò tandem te transmigrâsse, Triumphos
Ducit ovans festos lætati machina mundi:

Concinit & Terris commista melodia Cœli,
Et cadit in Numeros, ex quels componitur, Orbis.

To have been spoken to the Queens Majesty
at St John's, Christmas 1665.
but her coming disappointed
by Sickness.

Madam,

ST *John's* may now his Masters fate outvie,
A Star kept state there, here a Deity,
We'ld, *Simeon* like, adore & dye, but fear
Heav'ns no much better place while You are here.
The Court's a Desart now where none resort,
Your presence turns our Desart to a Court:
All Hermites turn if Deserts are thus blest,
And make our Wilderness their Land of Rest.

Twice to us ha's your Deity appear'd,
First to Adorn our Muses, now to Guard:
Thus like his who this happy time was nurst,
Your Second coming's greater then the First.
We could almost wish plagues perpetual were,
That we might still enjoy you and be clear:
But we have nothing worth your sight but You,
Your self the Guest and Entertainment too.
All wee have else to shew is what you'l bring
Once to shew us, the Picture of the King.

In Ascensum Christi.

Ecce, volat! Centrum quærunt Terrena deorsum:
Se Centrum in Cælis advolat, Ipse Sibi.
Nempè Ignis rapido sic purior Æthera cursu
Advolat: hinc Ignis purior Ille volat.

Discipuli

Discipuli ad Dominum trepidantia lumina tendunt,
Vixque suum possunt lumina flere Vale.
Lumina, quæ tandem nubem ampiectuntur inanem,
Invidiq́ue hæc Nubes Numinis instar erat.
Unda fuit quondam, nunc semita facta & Aëri.
Pinna Pedes fuerant, jam tibi Penna Manus.
Christe, Deum humano celâsti in corpore; Cælos
Dum repetis, Hominem nunc facis esse Deum.
Qui Terras celso lustrâsti a culmine, Terris
Sublatus Cælos conspicis inde tuos.
Mille Caput circum radiantia Sidera fulgent,
Sed tua Sideribus tot magis Ora nitent.
Phœbus in Occiduum properat sine lumine: vultus
Ejus ut aspectas, anfugit ille tuos.
Anfugit ille tuos, propriósque probaris adignes;
Nempe & Phœbus eras, Ales & ipse Jovis.

An ancient Gentleman to a lusty young Lady that he formerly Courted.

ADieu brave Lady of the Horn, adieu:
Farewell for ever to your Luft and You.
I'l sooner strive, then satiate your Desire,
To stop Hell's mouth, or suffocate it's Fire:
Nor 'twixt you both much diff'erence I perceive;
Both still are Burning, and both still Alive.
Still do your Flames like Vestal Fires indure,
But are as Filthy as the Others Pure.
Now old, an honest fate I rather crave,
And in the cooler Earth I'l build my Grave,
Then in thy Arms Loves Heretick to expire,
And scorch'd Alive lye Buried in the Fire:

Or Phœnix-like, Born only to beget
An Offspring not to Rise till I am Set.
Rampant, stand off; such Heat I cann't endure,
Your Torrid Zone will force a Calenture.

You boast your Birth, and shew a noble Coat;
Alas, fond Lady, 'tis not that can do't:
For when our Arms by Marriage do intwine,
The Rest's all Yours, the Crescent only Mine.
No Arms but those which Nature gave I'l woe,
And Those, alas too many are by two:
And oft like *Nabis* Machine of his Wife,
In strict embraces hug away our Life.
Farewell Nobility with all its charms,
I'l be no Crest upon your Coat of Arms.
Seldom, alas, we see in Womankind
A High blood lodge without a Higher Mind.

You

You're bravely bred: such Lasses are, we know,
No sooner Bred, but they'l be Breeding too:
Airy Corants you foot like any Sp'rite:
Good signe in troth your Ladyship is Light;
Your Harmony delights our ears: what then?
Beasts you may draw, but not too much oth' Men.
Your airy Carriage, and your comely Grace,
Your pretty Glances, and well order'd Face,
Your ravishng looks, and borrow'd locks of Hair
May gul perchance some upstart home-bred Heir,
Not one, who boldly hath more Syrens past
Then did *Ulysses*, and without a Mast.
Your craving Appetite must be ever fed,
Dayly at Board, and Nightly in the Bed.
*So the Infernal Pit gapes Night and Day:
Yet not much more unsatiate then They:

* *Noctes atq; Dies, &c.*

Who

Who, like the Lake in Rome's great *Forum*, can
Be onely stopt by throwing in a Man.
Much better were it, if I must be one,
To be your Gelding, then your Stallion:
Then might I sleep untroubled by your Side,
Nor pincht out of my slumbers by my Bride.
But when one payes exactly to his power,
It is intoler'able to extort yet more:
Or that a Husband must a surety find
Duely to pay whatever Hee's behind.
Such griping Brokage cannot be indur'd:
Are Men such Ventures they must be Insur'd?

Thus sate I musing in a thick-set Grove,
Where *Echo* listned 'cause I talk'd of Love:
Of Love, by mee repell'd with greater scorne,
Then Her self by *Narcissus* was forlorne.

But

But on I went continuing my moan,
Shall I have such a one, or shall I None?
Can none be found that is as Chast as Fair?
A Ladies Beauty, and a Nurses Care?
Is all the World unhabitable grown?
Torrid or Frigid, but no Temp'erate Zone?
Is all Youth's kindly warmth exchang'd to Fire?
All boyling Lust, no moderate Desire?
No one, whose Vertue shrinks not when 'tis tri'd?
Willow to Me, and Oak to All beside?
'Tis such a one I'l have, and I'l go seek her.
The Roguish Echo heard, and cry'd *Go seek her.*
I ask'd it streight, And canst thou tell me where?
The Echo streight retorted, *Tell me where.*
Is female Vertue no where to be found?
The Echo answer'd, *No where to be found.*

Alas

Alas, and must I let them all alone?
She streight replyed, *Let them all alone.*
I anger'd said Thou ly'est false thing, I'l try:
Echo as hastily resounded, *Try.*

To Chloris *refusing to give a plaister, unless she saw the wound.*

Well may that Eye
Be thought too quick to search a Wound,
Which can descry
Faults in whatever is most Sound:
How can our Blemishes that Test endure,
Where our Perfections would be too impure?

So though of old
The Officer spotless victims chose,
Yet was he told
'Twas Mercy to accept even Those.
But if or Wounds or Blemishes were betraid,
His Impious Piety was with vengeance paid.

True, were it just
As we in Other cases see,
Where Medicines must
Be suited to the Malady,
Then might the fest'ring Wound defer'dly (spread
Into One Ulcer from the Toe to th' Head.

But if you would
Know how your Salves such wonders do:
They're therfore good
'Cause *Christ* they are sent from You:
For all Distempers the Receipt is sure,
When the Physitian is the chief o'th' Cure.

And

And that ev'en Here
The Wound did heal, to You it owes;
Ere it would appear
To offend your sight, 'twould freely close;
What strange Cures your Double Pow'r can do,
Pay Giving Med'cines, and not Giving too?

I'll now no more
Complain of Guts within my shoe;
My Foot's not sore,
If I can make a Leg to You.
'Tis all the use for Feet that I have got;
And when they can't do That, e'en let them Rot.

To Clovinda on some incomparable pieces of her Drawing.

THe Almighty, viewing his Creation o're,
Saw All to good Himself alone was More!

You,

You, Madam, in your Draughts perfection view
That's no where to be equall'd but in You.
Let meaner Artists justly take a pride
In Seeing Nature by their Art out-vie'd
You from Arts Patterns do exceed her Powers,
And Natures Pencil is out done by Yours.
While Others Counterfeit True passions, You
Do from a Counterfeit produce a True.
Here the Idolatrous at a doubt would stand
Which do adore, the Picture, or the Hand.
The beauteous Features of your Pen out-doe
The Limner's painting, and the Ladie's too.
Prometheus, who to his new Statue stole
Jove's quick'ning Fire to make his Mans Soul,
Would doubtless, should he but Your Pencil view,
Bring't to be More enliv'ned yet by You.

Your

Your pow'rful Art Philosophy controuls,
And Draws the very line'aments of our Soules.
If You draw Saints, All readily adore
Saints, now more truly Canoniz'd then before;
Whose Pi'ety is expreſt with so much care,
We by their Pictures know they were sincere.
For if our Thoughts are in our Faces seen,
'Tis only where You have the Limner been.
There's none so mean, but if You's Picture drew,
Would out-live *Cæsar*, if not drawn by You.
So petty Heroes that they still are known,
Owe to the Poets fame more then Their Own.
Ev'n Uglineſs so Handsome shewes, that who
Wo'nt be Deform'd, to be so drawn by You?
Age, to which Reverence was alwaies paid,
Ha's Greater now, by You More comely made.

No more for Ornament we'l count our Hair,
Since You have drawn a Baldness far more fair:
A Baldness, makes the Sun keep out of sight
His golden Locks, as You have done his Light:
Which plac'd in open Air, while You stand by,
Would borrow such a lustre from Your Eye,
The hov'ring Birds would be mistaken more,
Then Æschylus his Eagle was before.
Since Poëts now do Painters draughts com-(mand,
And the bold Pen presumes to guide the Hand,
Let my dull head design a Draught or two,
And leave them to be shadow'd o're by You.
Draw *Zeuxis* Grapes, and if that will not do't,
Draw the Birds pecking at his painted Fruit;
And the Spectators (I'le be bold to say,)
Will catch at th' Birds, deceived more then They.

Draw

Draw that profaner Painter that did dare
With ill-mix'd paint to spoyle a Face so fair;
Which his foul colours could no more have done
Then Chalk can shew the splendour of the Sun:
And strove more to deform the perfect'st face,
Then You have done to give the Worst it's Grace:
That with his Gouty pencill thought to draw
Proportion so exact, 'tis Natures Law:
Draw this bold man, but first stretch'd on his Back;
Let his own Eazell now become his Rack:
(*Parrhasius* so his Art's chief triall gave
On the stretch'd limbs of his *Olynthian* Slave:)
Draw the just tortures for a fact so foul,
Racks in his Body, Agonies in his Soul:
So Double Torments shall be undergoe,
At once in Person and in Picture too:

And his Soul, from it's wretched Carcase gone,
Will to this body fly, so like it's Owne,
Repeat those torments it indur'd at Home,
Nor be releas'd till You reverse his doom:
But here abiding, Tennant at Your Will,
Be both a Monument of your Pow'r & Skill.

Draw next a Host of Sp'irits divinely fair,
In their bright Glories cutting of the Air,
In Robes of Light fring'd with an Azure blew,
Repairing hither to be drawn by You.

Then draw your self a drawing: but alas,
A Curtain here must serve you for a Face.
You baffle Art, and Nature you out-do:
And are Your self out-done by only You.
So all our Pictures by the Sun are shown:
Yet though so bright, it cannot see its Own.

'Tis

'Tis true ſome faint Idea's of his Face
Are ſent back from the Sea, his Looking-glaſs:
To reflect Your image Chryſtal's too impure,
You owe to Your Brightneſs you are ſo Obſcure.
Heav'n ſaw belike, if You your Picture drew,
You'd gaze ſo long, You'd Turn a Picture too.

EPIGRAMMATA.

In Roeam Inferos adeuntem.

Cunctatrepas Cæſar, loca te Viciſſe Videndo:
Vincere Plura velis? Hoc Duce carpe viam.

In Narciſſi mortem.

Ipſe Tui Medicus Te Perdis, Vulnus opemq.
Altera nec Potuit, nec manus Una Tulit.
Sic Propriâ capras, qua Te priùs attrahit umbram:
Et quia Te penes eſt ſola Medela, Perio.

In Sophoclem Victoriæ reportatæ gaudio morientem.

Succumbit Sophocles Victus simul atq; Triumphans:
Et quod non potuit Ferre Reportat onus.
Vincere Lethale est, sentit dum Fulgura Laurus,
Dumq; magis Nudis tempora Cincta Patent.

Contra Pictores qui Cupidinem cœcum pingunt.

Orcus Amor miseris non est, Tenebrosus et Ardens:
Nec poterint Flammæ tot sine Luce dari.

In Zaccheum Arborem, Christo prætereunte, ascendentem.

Non Foveam stupidi, cernantur ut Astra, petamus:
Ecce, novum nobis præbuit Arbor Iter.

In

In Herculem Serpentes in Cunis Strangulantem.

Mille priùs Vitulam, nunc Vaccam sustinet: aucta
Ponderibus Vires, Sæpè ferendo Tulit.
Nec mirum, Alcides vastam si sterneret Hydram,
Fascia Serpentum sanguine lenta madet.

In Uxorem quæ duplici veneno servavit Maritum.

Carnificem Medicamq; egit simul Uxor: eadem
Sanantur rabidâ vulnera facta manu.
Invida nè timeas inimica fœdera turbæ,
Toxica si fuerint ipsa Medela Sibi.

In Ganeones.

O Gula, quæ tantos paris insatiata dolores?
Quodq; teris, tempus, cætera cuncta, teris!

Obvia quaq; veras, post Potum & Pocula bibuntur
Et sequitur lautas larga Patella Dapes.
Et Gemma in Calices teritur, longumq; per ævum
Unicus immissas imbibit Haustus opes.
Et mundum in Cyatho vellet sibi Glute Solutum,
Quo semel epoto fieret abesse Novos.

In Chamæleontes.

O nimium fœlix, qua vescèris Aëre puro,
Et Fera, per vastos expatiâris agros.
Stultaq; nulla Tibi Lex observatur edendi:
Oppositas epulas, quaq; vagaris, habes.
Jejunas Lurcasq; simul, Nihilumq; Ligaris:
Libertas paritèr nutrit ac ipse Cibus.
Ingenium Victus hebetant: & Ganeo tandem
Transit in ignarum, quod Vorat ante, pecus.

In Carolum Quintum qui Cœnobio ſe incluſit.

Et Latet & Lucet, Monachorum conditus arcâ:
Illuſtris quoniàm Noluit eſſe, Fuit.
Optat, nè Niteat ſic Lampyris alba Tenebras:
Sic Magis in Tenebris Lampyris alba nitet.

In Ignavos Supplices.

Numina ſola colit proprios Mens pigra Penates,
Unicaq; in calidis ponitur Ara Focis.

In Ægrotos Apoſtolorum Umbrâ Sanatos.

Æger Apoſtolicâ ſubitò ſanatur ab Umbrâ,
Sic quaſi Myſta ſuo Numine Major erat:
Voce Dei Facti Sanantur Imagine Myſtæ:
Fecerat Os homines, Umbra Medetur eis.

Iter

ITER ORIENTALE:

A JOURNEY

From *Oxford* to *London*,

Begun

Apr. 23. 1666.

being

St GEORGE'S Day.

—— Semel insanivimus omnes.

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To the Reverend President.

Reverend Sr,

SInce your Wise Mercy does new wayes invent
To make the Offence its only Punishments
When mer'iting to be Whip't and Posted home
Like Vag'bonds to the place frō whence we come;
Your Discreet Goodness does strange methods show,
The Recital both to Purge & Punish too;
And like that prudent Confessar You have bin,
Who made the same the Penance and the Sin:
My blushing Muse Shrieving her self, must moan
To think she Augments the guilt she would atone.
Her faults and Mine are laid before your eye
To beg Oblivion, not a Scrutiny.
So 'fore the Deity Penitents do set
Their sad Confessions, that He may Forget.

Than

THat Day when England's Generall set out
To give the lesty Dutch a second rout,
One Rubrick sign'd it worthily before
That now be famous for a Couple more
If Our adventures may with His be lean'd,
His Navy tooke the Sea, Our Steeds the Land.
So Fools act part with Nobles in a Play,
And sometimes too come off as well as They.
But we set out in State, and though but Three,
Made greater preparations far then He.
From hence a Hatband borrow'd, thence a Hat,
From one a Ribband, t'other a Greyat:
That both Boots Fellows were I dare not say,
And yet our rusty Spurs lesse kin then They.
One friend a mouldy Scabbard did afford,
Another kindly lends a broken Sword.

To

To both at laſt an aged Belt we got,
And after all with much adoe a Coat.
Never did Carrier's Beaſt upon his back
Carry ſo many parcels in his Pack.
So was bold *Quixot* with his Squire accounter'd,
When the aſſail'd Windmil threw him in a Gourd.
So have I ſeen ſome Frigat richly fraught (turd.
With diffe'rent Wares from her Joynt-ſharers
Her Cargo taken in, ſhe hoyſes ſail, (brought.
And the intr'eſt'd Merchants with a proſperous
So ſet we out; nor need we be afraid, (gale.
When ev'ery Vent'urer for our ſafety pray'd.
One thought his Boots would never home be
Another wiſh'd fair weather to his Coat. (brought,
They proffer'd half to him that would inſure us,
And would have ſent a Convoy to ſecure us.

But

But up we got, patch'd up from Head to Collar?
Nine Taylors make a Man, Nine Men a Schollar.
Yet now I think on't, up we did not get,
Nor knew we where to have our Horses yet.
With Whip in hand, and Whinyard by our side,
Like eager Schollars we before-hand ride.
The Townes-men dare not deny us for their lives,
But lend their Jades as freely as their Wives.
We take the best we find, and by this time
They're saddled too, and on their Backs we climb.
Scarce setled on their backs, away they run
As swift as if we had hire'd them of the Sun.
But that His could no more to Ours come nigh,
Then heavy *Flanders* to light *Barbary*.
So swiftly flew they o're our *Helicon*,
Their winged hoofs struck not against a Stone.

To

To the East they run to meet the early Morn,
Flying like *Atalanta* o're the Corn.
Speedi'er by far than Thought our Coursers flee;
Shot-over Hill is the first place we see.
Nor see we that, till ready to alight:
Our nimble Racers run before our Sight.
Here, when we would alight, and lead the way,
No Complements would make our Horses stay.
A Dart was once shot over, but we flew
As if We now had bin Shot over too.
Breath'd with this Hill at last we could command
Our Horses, and gave streight the word to stand,
And Face about, when sadly looking down,
We took our Farewell of the merry Town:
Which glitte'ring with the Sun's reflected ray
Shew'd Sweetly Dreadfull, Terrible and Gay.

And ogiu's top such a bright lustre bore
As the white Cliffs on *Albion*'s loved shore:
Her Buildings seem'd the petty streams to inchain,
As *Charles*'s Fleet does now the Ocean.
Backward we went in reverence to the place,
So afore the Turks menalwaies shew their face,
Until our Horses, less devout then we,
Wheeling about, began again to flee.
Then might we wond'ring view from off the Hill
A stately Landskip drawn by natures skill.
Here Cattel Plunder and Adorn the place,
And are Earth's equall Detriment and Grace:
Cattel, which do Augment while they Devour,
Eat what they find, & Dung the ground for more.
There the rank Meadows clad in pleasant Green,
Unripe for the Sithe, stand only to be Seen.

Here the young Eares with their rich verdant dye
Do satisfie my Hunger at our Eye:
Stretching their heads towards *Phœbus* smiling face,
As if they thank'd him for his quickening rayes:
At last their aged Heads decline, and they
Seem then most Lovely when they most Decay.
There a large Wast adds to the rest more grace,
As Foiles to the Diamond, or Spots to the Face.
Here a high Hill the neighbouring Vale defies,
Commanding Earth, and threatening the Skies:
At whose proud feet some trembling streams do (lye,
And with a silent noise run swiftly by.
Thus Meadow, Pasture, Arable, and Wast,
Hills, Dales, and Rivers sweetly interlac'ed
Made up one Prospect so divinely fair,
We wish'd the way our Fellow-Traveller

But now we've got as far as *Wheatly*, where
Our Horses drank so deep, you might have there
Without a miracle gone dry-foot ore;
And sure their Riders could have done no more.
Arm'd with their Liquor, they no colours fear,
Nor Hedge nor Ditch can stop their mad Career;
No quaggy Bogs were there to cause our stay,
The Sun our Scavenger had cleans'd the way.
Here nothing saw we that deserv'd our view,
But Waggons stuff'd up with a Heathenish crew.
Such have I seen to London oft-times goe
Laden with Calves, and such we found These too.
The Waggoners such *Centaurs* were, that they
Knew nothing but their Horses and their Way:
To cry Gee Tib and Ball is all they ken,
Men only to their Beasts, and Beasts to Men.

But

But leaving them, we get to *Tenſworth*, where
A brisk old Tapſter brought new ugly Beer:
A Tapſter needs would make us think, that He
Was longer ſtanding there then she'Inn could be.
Indeed in ſo long time he'ad learn'd ſo well
His Maſter's Pedigree, that he could tell
In a direct ſucceſſion how each Male
From time to time was ſeiz'd of the Intayl,
Without Diſſeizin, Forfeiture, or Waſt,
Since the proud Conque'rer of our Land poſſeſſ't;
For ſome exployt gave this gratuity
To the' Founder of that ancient Family.
And I believe mine Hoſt each Quarter day
(Inſtead of a Pepper Corn) a Tooth did pay
To his Lord for Quit-rent, when that would not (do,
(For they'r all loſt) borrow'd his Tapſters too.

Nor know I what he'l do, now both are gone,
Unless he make bold with Eldest son.
Had th'beer bin good, perhaps we had drank more
Here, then our steeds at *Wheatly* did before.
But now farewel, mine Host, and Liquor too,
I wish your Beer had bin as old as You.
Next for Chalk-hill, that ugly rub i'th way,
The thoughts on't are enough to make one stay,
Parnassus and *Olympus* this out vies,
Plinlimmon tops the Clouds, but this the Skies.
The Devil sure, had but this hill bin near,
Had left the Temple pinnacle and come here.
It can't be Ararat, for those that found (drown'd
This Mountain out, were surely starv'd, not
For did the deluge but much higher flow, (too.
'Thad drown'd not Earth alone, but Heave'n

When many a steep my horse and I had giv'n,
I thought it sure the highest way to heav'n
Got to the top at last with scornful brow
We lookt down and despis'd the World below.
But on we must, and now we sadly found
That the worst way is on the highest ground.
A barren desart and forsaken road;
Strange, 'twas too nigh to Heaven to be good!
This hour had spoil'd the sport of all the day,
But one good chance deceiv'd us of our way.
And thus it was, we hapt far off to spy
A thing at too great distance to discry,
But guess'd it such as we do often see
Fixt in the way to help up aged knee,
The monument of some kind Farmer's love,
Such thought we this, for sure it did not move,

But Nimble Gallies, that dull Liters spy'd
Think th'other creep not, cause They swifter fly.
It was the Skeleton of some aged beast,
The third from the Creation at leaste (known
So chang'd with age, that he could scarce be
His very shape was out of fashion grown.
Nor Horse, nor Asse, nor Mule, but all, 'tmight
For *Quixot's Rozinant*, and *Sancho's* Asse, (passe
His thredbare sides could well endure the spur,
Nay run him thorow and he would not stir.
Grown staid with age he scorn'd the giddy rabe,
But kept a grave Majestick Spaniard's pace.
This Prophets beast at every step would stay,
As if he'd seen an Angel in the way.
Bucephalus would endure but One alone:
This Horse more noble far, would carry None.

Camels will kneel, and so this beast woul'd too,
Not to Take up his Load, but let it Goe.
The aged beast had tell so much before,
That his horn knees could now be broke no more.
His founder'd hoofs did up like Ramms horns (grow
Such have I seen at London in a snow.
Upon this beast did a fat Parson ride,
(So seem'd he by a thred round's middle tied,)
Whose fiery Countenance shine'd with such a (grace
As his Divinity lay in his Face.
Had the strict Roman *Censor* bin but here,
He'd fined the Priest his Tithing for a Year.
His high crown'd hat stood towering in the air,
As if he carried his Church steeple there.
The Tower an empty sounding Bell did hide,
Made of base Metall, and was Crack'd beside.

His

His brandish'd Arm, which he on high did bear
Shew'd like S. *George's*, but without a Spear.
Heels he had on, but had no Spurs about'um,
Well kno'wing his horse would go as well with-
His Tongue so swift as if it run a race, (out'um.
Oh had his Horse but gallop't half the pace!
His Talk was Doctrine all, and Application,
Reproof, and Comfort, Use, and Exhortation,
And such like Stuff, so that 'twas hard to say
Which was most troublesome, He or the Way.
But both we leave, and to Low *Wickham* post;
Good Ale is still at the '*George*, but the Hostess
'Tis now a Shrine without it's Deity. (lost.
The Lady has left S. *George*, and so have We.
Hang out your Bush mine Host, now your Wife's
For while she stays at home, Her self is one. (gone:

God b'w'ye good Host, we'l call in the come back,
Mean time to *Longer* after her we'l pack.
Such Loadstones handsom women are, they say,
They draw all Metall after them away.
Others shun places where the Plague is neer,
This House is Unfrequented 'cause 'tis Clear.
But I can't passe that Church so famous grown,
Because the Devill laid the Corner stone.
Strange kind of Piety! more fame is gin it
For him that Built it, then for him that's In it.
What! was the Devill in a pious vein?
Or hoped to bring our Saviour there again?
I can't believe 'tis Devils Churches founded,
For certain they'd be ne're pull'd down by the (Roundhead.
Next Stage is *Beacons field*, and now we see
The Sun's got to his Inn as well as We.

At

At night we find a lusty Bonefire made,
To each St. *George*, the Living and the Dead;
The Dead the *Lybian* Dragon overcame,
The Living must the *Belgick* Lyon tame.
The aspiring Flame ascended up so high,
Till it gave light unto the very sky;
And scorch'd such an universal heat,
As if they scorn'd to owe to Heaven for Sweat.
When the bold Flames, as we approach'd too neer
Our faces scorch'd, we baited them with Beer,
Beer, which o'reflowed in so large a tide,
Should the Grain fail, the Navy there might ride.
Here the World's double fate was joyntly found,
We saw it at once both to be Burn'd & Drown'd.
Such Trophees, *Monck*, good Fellows raise to thee,
Of Flames a Pyramid, of Drink a Sea.

The busy *Constable* needs would make a ring,
And drink on' his knees a whole one to the King;
Whose Officer he was, and you would guess
By his onely Countenance he was no less.
He scorn'd a staff his Personage to grace,
But bore the Arms of his Office in his Face.
Our twinkling Eyes his fiery Visage took
For a new Bonfire, and we scarce mistook.
Cann after Cann into his Throat he threw,
And still his VVildfire face more fiery grew.
Long stood this blazing Beacon of the Town:
At last the mighty Pitchers knock'd him down.
He fairly falls in way as plain as Dunstable,
(Oh, how a man might there have caught the Constable!)
And rowling in the flames, he seem'd as come
To act o're again St. *George's* Martyrdome.

Help

Help mighty Bill-men with your Pikes & Bills,
Ans your Officer's layd by the heels.
Lo! how your high & mighty Master's founder'd,
Beaconsfield Ale's Head-Constable o'th'Hundred.
Help i'th'King's name, he cryes: but none appear;
'Tis Treason to attaque their Officer:
With that his Worship, full of drink and ire,
Disgorg'd his stomack, and put out the Fire.
By this time Twilight does begin to peep,
And calls the world to Wake, but Us to sleep.
Heav'n at our Revels had disturbed bin,
And draws the curtains to behold the scene.
The modest Morning Doubly blusht to see
Mortals with faces redder far than Shee.
With double moysture are our eye-lids bound,
And Soundly Drinking makes us sleep as Sound.

Away

Away with Poppy and such physicious weeds,
The Juice of Barly wholsome slumbers breeds;
Cradles and Lulla'bies are devices stale,
Fill children's sucking bot'les with good Ale;
The drinker laden to his bed can creep,
And's reeling Noddle rocks It self to sleep.
Now wee fall to, as eager as before:
Sleep is but waking with a Mask vail'd o're.
How closely man is to debauches wed,
That acts them o're again ev'n when he's Dead!
Drunkards are Beasts they say, the similie's good
For One as well as t'other chew the cud.
Such strong impressions the rebounder breeds,
Dreams are but th'ecchoes of our waking deeds.
We, who while waking, brutishly did Steep
Our brains like beasts, drink Nobly in our sleep.

Now

Now truly rationall in our fancied bowls;
While we carouse it onely in our souls,
And drinking to our Mistresses, do prove
Platonick Drunkennesse as well as Love.
But ah did men the mischief truly know,
Who'd bottle drink up in their Bellies so?
Next day it fumes and fiercely works its way,
And almost breaks the bottle in its stay.
Our Eyes are sunk, our Throats are out of tune,
Our Brains like Madmens at the full o'th' Moon.
But on our steeds we get, in such a plight
We look like men sent wounded from the fight.
With whip and spur we ride with furious pace
Like Schollers right, till *Uxbridge* end our race.
That Town of Sign-posts strutting cross the street,
Affronting all the passengers they meet.

Pull

Pull off your caps Companions, would you know
The cause? 'tis Tyburn in large folio:
I fear'd to look upon't: it made me say
The County sure was to be hang'd that day;
For I'l be bound were they full forty score
To trust up all the Townsmen at one door.
Keep in your signes there: a good Host sure scorns
To have his signe post larger then his horns:
A signe post like a London Prentice showes
That draws in passengers 'spight of their Nose.
But marching in we find it (is't not pitty?)
Nose without Face, a Gate without a City.
So breaking Gold-smiths to pretend more state,
Do nobly on their stalls set all their plate.
Base Landlord that the sign from th'Inn did fear
The plague of building light upon him ever!

May he build nothing but a painted wall,
And when it's built, may it e'en fairly fall,
Finding no house we call'd Oho the Signe here,
Tapster some Ale, and Drawer some Wine here,
But still the fall'acy of a cursed signe!
They have no good Ale where we expected Wine.
Farewell good Host, and for your sake Ple say,
To get you custome, they are fools that stay.
But 'cause I w'ont quite put your trading down,
In troth to ride through 'tis a pretty Town.
But at the *George* at *Acton* fortune's Kind,
And we another handsome hostess find:
What secret fate along with Signs does goe?
Ev'ry St *George* ha's got his Lady too.
But we had none that had a mind to hug her;
But were content with her good Beer and Sugar,

Advancing forward by the smoak we knew
The City long before 'twas in our view.
Smoak, which with sad presage before hand spoke
Those flames, wch since have lessened that smoak.
Be serious now my Muse, while thou dost spy,
Sad emblems of the late mortality.
See Pesthouses about the City spread,
Living, *Mezentius* like, joyn'd to the Dead,
A Pesthouse such a dreadful aspect bears,
Death's face is not so terrible as their's.
Alas poor man! (so is his ruine sure,)
Is One Plague by Another forc'd to cure.
Here living Carcases intombed lie,
Fain to be buried, that they may not Dye.
The City next displays her checker'd face,
Where busy Death shares more then half the place.

Shops shut proclaim the Tradesmen gone away,
And wretched *London* keeps half Holy-day.
So have I seen where Life and Death did dwell
At once joynt-tenants in a Pallied Cell,
The Soul next door to th breathless Carcass lay,
And flesh and blood hug'd the corrupted clay.
The living hand, when on the dead laid hold,
Trembling drew back to feel it's mate so cold:
And when his face he in the Glass did find,
With horrour starts to See that he was blind.
But on, my Muse, thy fruitlesse moans forbear,
For neither I nor Thou must tarry here.
We put our Horses up, and strut about,
Till by good luck we find a Tavern out.
We call'd for Liquor, and wee quickly found
Midst all the Infection still the Wine was Sound:

And after a hot skirmish prov'd so stout,
We're fain to fly and seek our Lodging out.
Where the calm *Thames* wrinkle's it's angry brow,
(As Mildest Natures vext, more Furi'ous grow,)
Where Quarries fixt like rocky mountains seem,
And force a Cauf-way o're the inraged stream:
While the mad waters, to redeem their way,
Swell to almost as great a height as They:
And with loud muti'nous clamours daily roar,
Stoutly Redoubling, while they Lose their pow'er;
'Till the rude waves do counterfeit a flight
To fetch fresh forces to renew the fight.
Then with recruits from th'Ocean proud appear,
And fall upon the enemy in the rear;
Which with compacted strength sustains th'Af-(fault,
And forces the Assailant to a Halt.

Their looser forces quickly broke they find,
Not strong enough, cause not so well Combin'd
Their disperst ranks do on each other lye,
And All together in Confusion fly:
Where Buildings on this contradiction stand,
On endless Brifes like the whole World, sustain'd
And like high Heav'n, with a becalmed brow,
Securely smile on petty Jarrs Below.
Our eyes in this fine bed of waves we close,
Where our Disturbance heightens our Repose:
Like those that dwell where Cataracts do fall,
We heard so Much, we could not hear at all.
Next Morn we wandred wildly up and down,
Surveighing all the Rarities o'th Town
Traverst the *Exchange* & proudly did surveigh
Deceased Kings more Emperours then They.

With arms at *Kembo* ſtunting to and fro,
('Twas more then many a Merchant dar'd to do.)
We take a boat, leſt ſurly Thames ſhould grow
Incenſ'd to ſee himſelf neglected ſo;
And out of ſpight reſolve to do us harm,
If e're he caught us in his *Iſis* Arm:
We ſpy'ed that water which two dayes before
We ſaw at *Oxford* walking on the Shoar.
Let men of Buſineſs talk: in ſo ſmall ſtay
There's no man living e're diſpatch't more Play.
And now, though ſtill young Prodigals we be,
'Tis fit at leaſt our Fathers houſe we ſee.
Into an Alehouſe by good luck we got
Againſt the houſe, as where almoſt is not?
Thence from a window we ſecurely ſpy,
As Men take proſpects when a Show goes by.

Like th'neighbour, which the Epigram does scoff,
* None Nearer was, yet no man Farther Off.
How Nigh a Distance does our eyes beguile!
We can shake hands above an Hundred mile.
For though we almost touch each other's feet,
We must to *Oxford* goe, before we meet.
Alas, good Fathers, pardon us; you know,
The Motion's common: Compasses go so;
For just so when they in a Circle steer,
That Point is Farthest Off, that is most Near.
Here we lie hidden, 'cause we are so nigh;
Too close approach o'th'object blind's the Eye.
So Traytors lurk securest near the Court,
Find most concealment in a bold Resort.
But now to horse: 'tis Twelve a clock outright,
And yet we think to reach our home by night.

* *Nemo tam prope tam procul.* Mart.

We

We soon leave *Eton* two good mile behind us,
But (ah who Knows what hindrances hee'l find)
Two horses standing at a door begin
To neigh, and tell's their Masters were within.
We went, (but, ah, I'l never enter more,
Where a friend's horse stands Centinel at door.)
Good Company's inticement forc'd us stay,
And Cider makes us soon forget our way.
After Three howers our steeds again we find,
Time swifter flyes, and we lye tir'd behind.
Now they'l scarce go, when we would have them flee,
And tel's, alas, they're soberer then wee.
Now reaching *Beaconsfield* we'are glad to stay:
We halve our Journey, as we halv'd our Day.
Next morning we prevent the early Sun,
Thinking to End our Race e're He Begun.

But

But ſay we had not gone, before we knew,
Looking behind, *Phœbus* had ſet out too.
Our Horſes ſpy his fiery Steeds, and neigh:
Were Kings by Horſes choſe we had won the Day.
And now his prauncing Beaſts march on apace,
And *Phœbus* wipes Dame *Tellus* ſweaty face.
Soon got Heav'ens Charrioteer by far the ſtart,
And put our eager Horſes out of heart.
They faint and tire, thoſe who the other day
Were mad to Go, are now more mad to Stay.
Scarcely ſpur'd on, that once could ſcarce be ſtaid:
The Freeſt Horſe turn'd to the meereſt Jade.
Now the fat Parſon would have laughed more
At our tir'ed Jades then We at His before:
As *Æſop*'s overladen Aſs that ſpoke
To th'pamper'd Race-horſe when his wind was broke.

And

And now the slowest pace rids the most way,
That we may reach our Journey's end we stay.
Help me invention, may I be inspired
To sing the dulness of a Hackney tir'ed.
Good *Peg'asus*, who hast hobbled all this way,
Carry me out, not tire so soon as They.
Have you not seen Jades ploughing up a vale,
Dull as the Clown stands jogging at the Tail?
Or have you seen Ships tow'd along the shore,
Becalm'd Winds ill supply'd by sluggish Oar?
Or have you met that Snail upon the road
Creeping his Thousand miles *sans* whip or goad,
While the good Duke behind counts tardy hours,
With Patience not halfe so great as Ours?
Have you consider'd on the Stars i'th' Sphere,
Not how they are Mov'ed, but how they do Appear?

How

You have seen at least a Diall, I suppose,
How the mov'd Hand stands Still, ev'en while it Goes.
Thus our unmoving Horses strangely Goe
E'en just as undiscerne'dly as they Grow.
We'll thank *Copernicus* his new found Sphere,
Had th'Earth stood stil, we had staid for ever Here.
But while the Jades are e'en resolv'd to stay,
The Earth's Motion bears thē unperceiv'd away.
Such desp'rate Dulnes can be bore by no man,
O, for the patience of a Market-woman!
If the dull Jades, like *Balaam's* Asse had spoke,
They 'had thank'd kind Heav'n that all our swords (were broke.
For if one there, their thick-skin'd sides could (bore,
They'd bin More Dead, if't could be, then Before.
Well said that man there was one greater Curse
Then e're try'd *Job*, and 'twas a tired Horse.

Their

Their Sides are Armed sure, our Spurs w'not gore!
Our Whips are thredbare as our Patience wore!
We Sit, we Alight, no sooner Up then Down!
We Drive, we Draw, buy whips at every Town!
Sure the dull Jades were us'd by turns to ride,
And took'd we'd now take up their reversed Hide.
We envy at whate're we Going see,
Nay what Stands still seems not so Tir'd as we.
Yet for all this, in Twelve full tedious houres
We are twenty Miles, thanks to the higher powers!
With Joy in sight of *Oxford* now we're got,
And the base Hackneys too begin to trot.
So Naturally unto their Homes they bend,
Their Motion's swiftest, when 'tis nigh the End.
Glad are the Venturers, and their hearts at ease,
To see we have scap'd the perils of the Seas:

They

They came to meet us, asking in our stay,
Who'had seen such coats or hats on th'road that day.
Triumphant now they ushers to the door,
With Joy for us, & for Themselves with More,
Ev'n so was *Tully* by his Dunns brought home,
When he return'd to pay his Ticks at *Rome*.
Like Honest *Isra'elite*, we come back and pay,
All we had borrow'd, when we went away.
We thank them kindly, and to quit the score
We tell them Lies, and These perhaps no more:
But ev'ry one is to his censure free,
Once all the World is mad, & so were We.

Here

HEre Reverend Sir, our Journey is compleat
Which 'twas a Sin to Act, worse to repeat:
But Since You, S^r, this penance did engage,
What was a Journey, is now a Pilgrimage.
In both to You for Absolution fly,
You are both Confesser and Deity.
Forgive them both, the Journey did Before
Your Pardon beg, Now the Recitall More.

On the Rebuilding of LONDON.

1.

WHat a *Devouring* Fire but t'other day
Though thy Inhabitants scorch'd how-
A fiercer now did on thy Buildings prey, (els rau'd
To end that Ruine which the First Began.

2.

Strange kind of Chain by which your Fates were
That the same End should against both conspire!
Both by so neer a Sympathy alli'd,
The City felt the Plague, the Men the Fire.

3.

What were the Trophies of triumphant Fate
By frequent Tombs in the Church-yards was shown:
But all those thick-set Monuments which so late
Were Others Sepulchers are now their Own.

4.

4.

Thus Heav'n, like an incens'd Besieger, staid,
But when no Summons brought th' besieged down,
Both were together in like ruine laid,
He kill'd th' Inhabitants, then burnt the Town.

5.

But as those Citi'zens by the Pest'lence slain,
With fresh supplies quickly recruited were;
The Houses shall as fast return again,
And to their wonted Stations soon repair.

6.

So the World's fabrick, which by slow degrees
Increases for so many ages space;
The fatal fire shall in a moment seize,
That thence a far more Glorious may take place.

7.

Mean while shall Pilgrims from around repair
With devout sadness to bewaile thy Urn;
So Martyr's Tombs with Zeal frequented are,
And therefore Holy, 'cause they once did Burn.

8.

Thy pettier Buildings by the flames eras'd,
Churches and Palaces are onely shown:
By what strange ene'my canst thou be defac'd,
When what Destroys thee, adds to thy Renown?

9.

We view thy Ruines with a Sad Delight,
Made Now far more illustrious then Before;
For then thy Lustre had attain'd that height,
'Twas onely Ruine that could make it More.

10.

But thy great King these Ruines does resent,
Contrives Thee Greater, and by doing that,
(So like are Kings to him they represent)
His mighty Word Commanding does Create.

11.

The fair Idea's in th' Almighty mind
So pleas'd him whē the World was to be made,
And after that great Model was design'd,
The work was Perfected by being Said.

12. Ah

12.

Ah mighty Monarch, what vast summs we owe,
First to thy Piety, next to thy Care!
Thy Weeping only Stopt the raging Foe;
And now thy only Speaking does Repair.

13.

What Seas of water on the flames were spent
(As if 't were Wildfire) did enrage it more.
One Tear of Thine made Heav'n it self relent,
And weep for Comp'any in a gentle show'r.

14.

Nor didst thou only Pity, but Retrieve;
(A Kings Compassion does a Cure afford)
So the World's Saviour did for *Lazarus* grieve,
And Wept the loss of what he soon Restor'd.

15.

That Ship, which by the stately Port she bore
Had made her Builders known Without their Name,
The Cities Representative Before,
In it's Rebuilding shall be More the same.

16.

Hither shall eager Workmen every day
Repair from all the quarters of the Land;
Nor would they grumble should they want their pay,
Or ask more Guerdon then their Kings Cõmand.

17.

But here so bountiful a Lord they find,
That such a surplusage is added more,
As after payment equal to their mind
Exceeds the wages they receiv'd before.

18.

That for which others under hatches serve,
Nor count it dear at seven years slavery;
These have it first Conferr'd, and then Deserve,
And during all their Prentishipare Free.

19.

This noble City, though in Ashes laid,
Shews she can be beholden yet to none:
She lately free of all the Rest was made,
Now makes all Others Freemen of her Own.

20. So

20.

So did Rome's Glory with her Freedom goe
Beyond the Confines of the City gate:
So shall thy Freedom scatter'd to and fro,
Become as Universal as 'tis Great.

21.

Our Nation, happy under such a King,
Shall need no Penalty or rigid Law;
Our Israelites shall freely Double bring
Their Tale of Brick without their wonted (Straw.

22.

The willing Earth shall yield her softer mould
To be Twice hardned, by the Sun and Fire:
Then shall She grow by her past Burnings Bold,
And Dare the Flames she did before Desire.

23.

The aged Oak, whose head's grown now so tall
T' o'relooke the younger Striplings of the
Seeing thy need of it shall freely fall, (Wood,
Glad of its Fate, and in it's Ruine Proud.

24.

Oak, sacred unto Us on ev'ry hand,
To whom it does so many bene'fits bring;
It builds our Navies, and adorns our Land,
Restores our City, and preserves our King.

25.

Those larger streets, through which Processions
Now more enlarg'd, it will be hard to say (pass,
Whether those Triumphs add a greater grace
Unto the Streets, or to the Triumphs They.

26.

Such Princes as were never here before,
And to our King on Embassies resort,
Shall eagerly alight at ev'ry door,
Thinking each House no meaner then a Court.

27.

Balconies jutting from the stately front
Shall stand alike both to be Seen and See;
And if at any' time there a Triumph wear,
They shall each Others stateliest Prospect be.

28.

Continu'd Penthouses 'gainst Rain and Sun
Shall be a pleasing Shelter and a Shade;
To these delightful Sanctua'ries we run,
When Heat annoys us, or when Storms invade.

29.

More sumptuous Buildings in Retirement plac'd
Are the' Emblem of the wary Citie's trade;
Their Streets and Shops much better lin'd then (fac'd,
Costly without, but richlier inlaid.

30.

But if in lesser Streets we bend our mind
Down to the prospect of some meaner things;
Subjection we ev'n in our Buildings find,
All are not made for Courts, no more then (Kings.

31.

Yet these delight us with their comely grace,
And are contented at their meaner fates;
Not stately, trim and brave, yet in their place
As Useful as the rest, though not so Great.

32.

The leſſer Alleys, ſlender, ſtraight, and long,
At once both In and Out o'th' City dwell:
Theſe find a Wilderneſſe amidſt a Throng,
And in a pop'lous City make a Cell.

33.

Theſe imitate ('midſt Company, Alone,)
The ſtatelier Retirements of the Great:
So Peaſants in a Cottage find a Throne,
And hug th' Invention of their fancy'd State.

34.

Like little Riv'lets ſcatter'd to and fro,
To larger Streams they ſwiftly cut their way:
Thoſe to the Largeſt do as ſwiftly go;
So Rivers onely at the Ocean ſtay.

35.

The Buildings thus ſhall uniformly ſtand,
Each diff'rent magn'tude in a divers Sphere:
Such Uniformi'ty does our King command,
And Sectaries Themſelves ſhall Love it Here.

38

So ſhall the City thank her cruel fate,
And bleſs thoſe flames that did their help afford:
Counting even Deſolation no dear rate,
Glad to be Ruin'd So to be Reſtord.

37

Thoſe places thought unworthy of the Fire
Shall their own kinder Deſtiny bemoan:
And *London* to that glory ſhall aſpire,
To be all Others Envy, and its Own.

38

The Merchants wept when the Exchange did burn;
As when they hear ſome rich Ship's caſt away:
But now ſhall ſee her to their joy return
More richly Fraught to recompence her Stay.

39

Ladies, that hither come, and dart out rayes
Which ſteal the Eyes of following Crouds away,
Shall now Forget Themſelves, and wondring Gaze
At what's almoſt as beautifull as They.

40

Kings, which ſhare ever moſt in publick woe,
And here indur'd the keeneſt edge of Fate,
Shall *In Effigie* be Recalled too,
Like Exil'd Monarchs, in far Greater State.

41

But ah, was none ſo Loyal, or ſo Brave,
To ſnatch, great Sir, Your Statue frō the Flame?
Or (Anti-*Scæv'ola*) 'cauſe it could not Save,
Burning his Hand, to 'immortalize his Name?

42

Forgive't againſt your Picture, as Before,
Your Self being ſo forſook; and to repay,
This alſo we'l more Gloriouſly Reſtore,
And make Another Coronation-Day.

43

Though *Guildhall* then, like ſome young Galliant (ſhows,
Which on his Back his whole Eſtate does bear;
Her Inſide Greater Riches ſhall incloſe,
Within more Wealthy then Without ſhe's Fair.

The

44

The City thus made by it's Ruine Great,
Her Temples shall advance their stately creſt;
So after the Creation was compleat,
The Sabbath's made to Sanctify the reſt.

45

Theſe by the flames are to juſt Number brought,
But were, alas, worſe ruined before;
So like the Forms of Worſhip in them taught:
'Twas hard to ſay which of the Two were More.

46

Now both by their Abridgment Larger made,
They being Fewer more Divine appear;
Our pious Monarch not their Number weigh'd,
But, like the Deity, look'd how Good they were.

47

'Mong theſe revives the Mother of them all,
Glad to behold her Little ones reſtor'd:
Rebounding higher from her fatall fall,
Her Finiſh'd Ruine ſcarce to be deplor'd.

48

48

Long did she stand, and many a shock indure
From En'mies Malice, Fire, and inbred Age;
Oft did her pious Sons desire the Cure,
But Their Endeavours vain, as T'others Rage.

49

Now in despight of the devouring Flame, (durst,
Which ha's done more then boldest Traytors
She shall as much outvye her former fame
As the Last Temple did exceed the First.

50

Hither shall best Artificers be sent,
Their pious Zeal improving of their Skill,
Such to the building of the Temple went,
Whom the Almighty did with Knowledge fill'

51

But were her Heav'nly Quire first built alone,
It would both *Orpheus* and *Amphion* be,
Finding her Self and th' Other Temples Stone,
And sum'ning in for every House a Tree.

52

The *Thames*, which daily to the Sea did roam;
'Till by his angry waves beat back again,
Shall gazing here for ever stay at home,
Nor care to mingle waters with the Main-brow,

53

That *Thames*, which lately beat his wrinckled
And fiercely roar'd when he perceiv'd the Foe,
Now tossing up his angry head, and now
With Indignation throwing it as low.

54

So have I seen some Bull enrag'd with heat,
Which with loud roares the groaning Air did wound,
The empty mind with his curl'd head did beat,
Then with his horns did pierce the yeilding ground.

55

That Thames shall now the swelling Ocean meet,
And though his Navy like a City stand,
Shall show a City Statelier then a Fleet,
And boast a nobler Navy on the Land.

56

The eager Ocean quickly shall lay down
His angry Saltnesse and tempestuous Brow,
And crouding to do homage to the Town,
The Billows shall Each Other overflow.

57

But, lest too hotly they pursue their bliss,
The indanger'd Citizens must raise their shores;
Else the rude Waves would Smother as they Kiss,
And do more damage then the Fire before.

58

So *London* fenc'd by her great Monarch's care,
The gazing Streams may innocently glide:
So *Jove* and *Cæsar* do the Empire share,
While Each sets limits to the swelling Tide.

59

Nor shall Waves be Themselves their Onely (weight,
Vast shoales of Ships shall daily hither passe:
And Fleets from distant Countries richly fraight,
Such num'rous Fleets as only Ours surpasse.

* Divisum Imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet. Mart.

60

Here breaking bulk shall willing Merchants stay,
Discharge their Cargo, and put off their Ware;
Their Traffick in their Eyes they bear away,
Nor for more Precious Merchandizes care.

61

So with rich Gifts, drawn thither by the sound
Of *Solomon's* Glories, travell'd *Sheba's* Queen:
So in Exchange as rich a Prize she found,
As if she' Enjoy'd what she had only Seen.

62

But 'cause bold Time, subjecting all to Fate,
Does Things & their Remembrance too deface;
Our's, like the World's Fire, shall out-live Time's date,
In lofty Pillars of eternall Brasse.

63

Pillars, like those which aged *Seth* did set
To tell the World there was an Old Before:
And Brasse, like that where different Metals met
In *Corinth's* Ashes made a new-found Ore.

64

64

Such Trophees Victors reare, lest rusty Age (date:
Do, with their Steel, eat out their Conquest's
Thus Double Wars victoriously they wage,
First vanquishing their Foe, and then their Fate.

65

Thus *London*'s Ruines are immortall made:
And that Her self eternally may stand,
By Fasts and Prayers is her Basis laid
Much surer on our Knees, then by our Hand.

66

Hence by unerring Augury we know
The future Glory of our Town restor'd:
Safe is that Building whose Foundation's Low,
And Heavens Obliged while he is Implor'd.

The

THE CHARACTER OF A LONDON SCRIVENER.

A LONDON SCRIVENER

IS a Creature begot by a *Pen*, and hatcht up in an *Ink-pot*. Leſſer ſtuff ſerves to *his* production, then to a *Country Pedler's*: the wing of a Gooſe ſets up forty of them. His *Gown* is curs'd to a perpetual *Autumn*, hence 'tis ever bare, and has as little *woo'l* upon it, as if at next remove it were to be made *Parchment*; his *Ears* hang on like rotten fruit, the leaſt unkind blaſt of a Paſſenger blows them off; his Ink is *Poyſon* had it neither *Gall* nor *Coprice*; he looks like the *by-blow* of a *Country Attorny*, from whom he differs as a *Botcher* does from a *Taylor*. The *Attorny* may have the honour to go to Hell on *horſe-back*, while the baſe Knave fairly *foots* it after him. With Relation to the *Common-wealth* he is a *neceſſary Evil*, without whom men would grow *honeſt* and *friends*, and then the *Body Politick* muſt needs fall, being no longer compounded of different *Elements* and

Humours. Better *Schollers* there are many, but few greater *Writers*: and those that have cursed the Invention of the *Press* for *others* sakes, may more justly do the same to that of the *Pen* for *his*. I should guess his Trade of very great *Antiquity*, since *I* read *God* made *Indentures* of *Covenant* with *Adam*, but that we know *Adam* had no *money*, and the *Scrivener* would not do it *Gratis*. Beside, had *God* made *Scriveners*, he would never have pronounced of the seven days work, that all was *good*. Had *Scriveners* bin in the *old World*, it had saved the *Deluge*, and accursed Mankind had destroyed one another. A *surreptitious* race of men, not of *Gods Creation*, but born (like *Vermin*) out of the *corruption* of several *Ages*, or (like some *Africk* Monsters) the *Amphibious* product of a *Heterogeneous* Copulation: for when Persons of *different Interests* and *humours* met together in a Contract, this *Jarring Conjunction* begat *Scriveners*, who at first (*Viper-like*) devoured their *Parents*, and have ever since (like a *Wolf* in the side) gnaw'd their *Livelyhood* out of the *bowells* of those they hang upon. Methinks they should be banished all well governed *Kingdoms*; or at least (like *Jews* in *Italy*) wear a mark of *distinction* about them, like persons that dwell in *Infected houses*, that endangered Passengers may see and avoid them. Where they once get in, they spread like the *Itch*, and become as universal as the *Sickness*; had a *Scrivener* bin among the *Israelites*, there needed no other

other punishment to have forced them out of *Egypt*: They themselves had bin the *greatest Plague*, and *Pharaoh* would have *fled*, not *pursued* them into the *bottom* of the *Sea*. A Generation of men able to *enter* into the *Devil*, the onely thing more unsatiate then *Hell*: some men pretend to *fear* and *honour* them, but 'tis as men Court their *Hangman*, for a more *favourable Execution*; or as the *Indians* Worship the *Devil* and the *Spaniard*, that they may do them the *less harm*. When he is *examining* an *Estate*, you would imagine him *casting* its *water* to find what d'sease it labours of, and to be sure (like a Knavish *Chirurgeon*) he will either *find* a Cure of it, or *make* one. Sometimes he playes the *Bawd*, prostitutes the same *Title* to all commers, and (if you see him soundly) will not stick to Mortgage the *same* Estate for you to *seven* several Persons: sometimes he *solders* up a *cracke* Title, and passes it away for a pure *Maiden-head*; if it be *weak*, he dares strengthen it by Forgery; and secure but his *Ears*, his *man* and *he* (two *Knights* o'th' *Post*) shall out-swear the *Devil*. If you would make a safe *Purchase*, you must spend half the value of your Land in *searching* the *Title*: then he tells you, your Estate is *secured*, that is the best part of it to *himself*. But all the flaws he finds in the Title, may be stopt up with money from the *adverse party*: If *both* see him soundly, then, that he may deal equally between man and man, he makes them *alike miserable*, drawing

the conveyances on either ſide ſo *weak*, and yet ſo *ſtrong*, that *neither* party ſhall have the *advantage*; but *both* endeavouring to *recover* what *each* knows to be his *own*, and *he* to be *neithers*, they at laſt *waſte* away their Eſtates (like a *Snow-ball*) with *handling* it, ſpend *double* the *purchaſe-money* to *ſecure* the *Land*, and the *Uſurers* (to end the ſtrife) *ſeize* on that which *each* of them have *Mortgaged*, and *neither* can *redeem*. Then the *Uſurers* part ſtakes, and ſo *him* and *canton out* a brave *Eſtate*, (like *Alexanders Empire*) into *petty Lordſhips*. If he deale in *mony*, his *Uſurer* and *he*, are like the *Hunter* and his *Dog*, (or to ſpeak in their own Phraſe) they anſwer each other, as the *Counter-part* and *Original Indenture*; then (like the *Devil*) he walks up and down ſeeking whom he may devour; does his beſt endeavour to make you poor, that you may be forc't for *ſupply* to *him*, who is the *laſt remedy*, and indeed worſe then the *diſeaſe*. If you would *borrow*, he marches to your *Neighbours*, enquiring into your *Eſtate*, and ſmelling at your *Reputation*, ſpoyling your *good name* to gain you *credit*. He is for maintaining *old Cuſtomes*, and (among the reſt) for that of *ten* in the *hundred*, and what now a dayes *hate* the *Uſurer*, you muſt *pay* the *Scrivener*. If his *Uſurer* and *he* chance to ſtart a *young Heir*, he is employed, like the *Hound*, to purſue the *Game*, which he never leaves till he hath given him a *Mortal gripe*: then like the *Lyon* and the *Jackall* they *divide* the *Prey*; the

Uſurer

Usurer gnaws off all the *flesh*, and the *Scrivener picks the bones*. To strike the greater terrour into the *Novice*, he seats himself in all his *Formalities*, his furr'd *Cap* and *Gown*, his *Pen* in *one Ear* (if *both* be not off for *Forgery*) in the mid'st of a company of *Writings*, the *Cases* of so many undone persons, a sight worse then the *Gallowes*, able to extort *Confession* without the help of a *Wrack*, composing his *Countenance* after the gravest Mode, *dreadfully ridiculous*, and most *Majestically simple*, when after a tedious *harangue* (like a *Dog* making a *circle* before he lies down) of the ill fortune of those young men which fall into the hands of *Knavish* Scriveners, (where he reads him his own Doom in the *third* Person) and of *his happiness* in lighting on him (where to understand him rightly, he must read him *backwards*) telling him how desirous he is of his *prosperity*, seeing to *hang* upon him to *prevent* his *ruine*, (when 'tis as a *weight* hangs on a *Clock*, to drive him on *faster*; (or as an *Angler*, seeming to *draw away* the baite, that he may the more *greedily take it*) at last he falls upon that he hath most mind to, his *estate*: Desires him to deal plainly, and lay open his *case*, as a *sick man* does to his *Physitian*, that he may the better *Cure* him, whereas 'tis really like the *Baringa* man's breast to his *Enemy*, that he may the surer *wound* him: while my *Youngster*, not daring to do otherwise, deals (*God* knows) very *simply* and *honestly*: the *Scrivener* mean time, like an *Inquisitor*, stretching

ing him upon the *Wrack*; writing down his *Confession*, out of all which he draws up a *Sentence*, miscalled a *Bond* or a *Conveyance*: and when he hath wound him up to the *highest peg*, and perceives him pumpt quite *dry*, he lets him *down*, presents him a *paper*, makes him Sign and Seal the Warrant of his own *Execution*: and then by *Law Condemns* and *Executes* him. This unmerciful *Thief* robs the very *Beggar*, and sticks not to pick a *Courtiers* pocket, though he knows 'tis the *Kings mony*. He is so strict a Prosecutor of Justice, that he maintains it beyond the utmost *rigour*; stretches *Justice her self* upon the *wrack*, and upon an *hours failure*, seizes more then the *forfeiture*. He prays for *Non-performance* of the Condition, that he may take the advantage of the *Penalty*: and exceeds so far in Cruelty, that cursed *Jew*, that he will have not the *flesh* alone, but the *blood* too. When you have incurr'd a *forfeiture*, he tells you the *exactness* of the *Law*, and to be secure from the *Usurer*, you must compound with the *Scrivener*, and almost *pay* the *Penalty* to be *freed* from it. But when he has *Bound* you never so fast, for mony he will *Release* you; teach you to *evade* the Articles himself *composed*, content so he may be a *Knave*, to prove no *Scrivener*. Thus he plays *fast* and *loose*, breaths *hot* and *cold*, and the same *Devil* that *binds* the Charms, *unties* them too. 'Tis a pretty sight to see them running about the *Exchange*, *smelling* at the *Merchants*, just like *Dogs*, *fawning* upon *some*, and *biting*

ting others. If any be in his Books, he ſticks to him like a *Remora*, a ſufficient *Lett* to his weighteſt *affairs*; and while his *Veſſel* ſuffers *Shipwrack abroad*, he himſelf ſplits on a more dangerous *Rock*, enchanted by theſe *Syrens* at *home*. A Plague worſe then *Pirates*, *Shipwrack* it ſelf cannot *ſave* you from them: your very *Convoyes* (your *ſureties*) *proteſt* you not from them, but *ſecure* you the faſter to them. No mony, which ſecures you from a *Theif*, will not ſave you from *him*: he is *one* miſery after the very *laſt*, the cauſe of our *ruine* and the *effect* too: when all other misfortunes have *deſtroyed* us, he follows as a *reſerve*, and after *Execution quarters* us. When all the *World* has *ſhaken* you *off*, he *ſeizes* you; *Lice* and *Scriveners* ſtick faſt unto you when you are *beggard*. If a man *wade* innocently into the *muddy ſtreams* of *Suretyſhip*, he is ſuddenly ſeiz'd by theſe *Leeches*, which once *faſtened*, will never leave ſucking till he *faint*, or they *burſt* and *die*. He has a great ſtroke at *killing* men; a miſerable *comforter* of *languiſhing* patients; one of thoſe *ill-bodeing* creatures that *haunt* houſes againſt a *time* of *Death*; a *Devil* that comes to *torment* men *before* their *time*. While the *Divine prepares* you for *Death*, and the *Phyſitian haſtens* it, he does *both*. Like the *Hangman*, he firſt *diſrobes* you of your *outer garments*, and then *kills* you. That you may go to *Heaven* the *lighter*, he diſburdens you of your *Earth*, your *Eſtate*, and then perſwades you out of *deſpair* to *die*, having par-

ted

ted with all the *World*, and nothing now left you to forsake, but your *body*. For a good Fee he will do a *friend* a *Courtesie*, and leave the intended *Heir* so disputable, that the *deceased Testator* may as soon interpret his own mind as the *Lawyer*: inserting such *equivocal* terms, as may be interpreted to be *any mans Will* more then the *Testators*; rendring the sense as *amphibious* as that of the *Oracles*: and indeed like the *last words* of *dying man*, *ambiguous* and *unintelligible*. If he *foist* in a good Legacy for *himself*, he knows 'tis *past discovery*; 'tis but *skipping* it in the *reading*, and the Will *sealed* up till the *Testators Death*, who can *betray* him? Thus he *Cheats* you *In the Name of God*, and sayes his prayers *backwards* indeed, *beginning* his *Rogueries* with an *Amen*: so that you sign a *blank* though it be *full* of *Writing*, and this your most *Voluntary* act is yet *against* your *Will*. He begins very *piously*, and bequeaths your first Legacy, your *Soul*, with a great deal of *Complement* to *God Almighty*; to whom he *commends* you with as much form of *expression*, and abundance of *significant* words, as if he made *Indentures* with the *Almighty* to receive you, and would be sure he should find no *starting holes* to *evade* the *Articles*. And he makes your *Will* like a *Pharisees long prayer*, with a *house* at the *end* of it. When he has done, he *turns* you over to the *Divine*, before whom he has commonly the honour to be *preferred*, and there he leaves you like a *Christmas box*, expecting no more

more out of you till you are *broke*. To conclude, like the *Mullet*, his *blood* is *Ink*; 'tis the *skin* of a *Sheep*, not the *wooll* that *cloathes* him, and a *Goose quil*, not the *flesh*, that *feeds* him. 'Tis one of the last trades men can fly too, indeed the *very last*, being but a more *noble Theivery*, a *gentiler* way of *picking pockets*: a *ruined* Persons last *refuge*, where he *revenges* his *destruction* by *repaying* it: being himself *undone*, he strives to *ruine* others; and like a right *Devil*, draws as many as he can into that *hell* where himself ha's *perished*. But I have made a *Character* as long as an *Indenture*; I leave him with the *prayer of all good People*, that he may be *poyson'd with his own Ink*, *stab'd* with his *Penknife*, his *Ears* remaine in the *Pillory*, his *Nodle* set out at the *Shop-door* for a *Loggerhead*, and the *rest* of him hang'd up to *Eternity* in a *Label*; and since it is impossible he should get to *Heaven*, for *Hell's sake* may he *hang between*.

FINIS.